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Volume 11 Number 1 "Chronicle of a Summer"

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"Chronicle of a Summer"

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Front Cover: Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin in the Musée de l'Homme

Back Cover: Angélo and Landry

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Introduction: Editor's Note

Steven Feld

Twenty-five years after its debut, Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin's "Chronicle of a Summer" remains a seminal work of documentary and ethnographic cinema. The book of and about the film, translated here for the first time, has been far less known, even though its essays, transcripts, and interviews are essential components of the self-reflexive authorship, cinéma-vérité, and critical style that continue to bring artistic and intellectual acclaim to the film and to its makers.

After fifteen years of ethnography and filmmaking in West Africa, Rouch found that the experience of filming Parisians for "Chronicle" stimulated a synthesis of his approach to realism, narrative, and the drama of everyday life. For Morin, the film grew out of his own sociological inquiries about mass culture and alienation, but the experience prompted him to turn a sociological eye on the study of film itself. His book on the star system (Morin 1960) and, more directly, his theoretical book on the nature of cinema (Morin 1965) develop many of the insights suggested in his essay in this volume. Similarly, Rouch's later theoretical essays (1974, 1978) also develop key questions raised first by his essay here.

While it is generally acknowledged that "Chronicle of a Summer" was an innovative film that inspired many documentary, ethnographic, experimental, and new wave films to follow, the publication of the "Chronicle" book should make it clear that this too is a historically innovative text. Far more than the transcript of an unscripted film, the essays, interviews, and restoration of cut dialogue are an exercise in discussing the problems of intersubjectivity, realism, and deception in documentary cinema. At a time when many filmmakers buried these issues in celluloid or claimed they were outside the film itself and therefore outside the proper critical discourse on film, Rouch and Morin show that it is possible to be both filmically

reflexive and intellectually critical of that process. In effect, the achievement of their essays and interviews here is to point to the very ways a film's meaning continually changes and develops through the interaction of its makers, its participants, and its viewers (including the makers and participants). For these reasons, it is particularly appropriate to present this monograph here, in a journal devoted to problems of visual communications.

The *Chronique d'un été* book was published in 1962 by Interspectacles, as number one in the series *Domaine Cinéma*. The French original consists of Edgar Morin's essay "Chronique d'un film," with additional footnotes by Jean Rouch; Jean Rouch's essay "Le cinéma de l'avenir?"; the transcribed text of the film, including additional parts of several sequences cut from the final version; transcripts of two other long scenes cut from the film (The Workers: dialogue among Jacques, the film electrician Moineau, and Morin; and another among Morin, Angélo, Jean, Jacques, and Rouch; other discussion fragments between Rouch and various people concerning Algeria); a set of interviews with principal participants; about thirty short reviews of the film, all written at the time of its appearance in 1961; and a short bibliography. The present translation excludes the transcripts of the Workers and Algeria scenes and also the reviews and bibliography.

The original publication also contained twenty-seven photographs; these were a mixture of frame enlargements from the film, frame enlargements from scenes not included in the final version, and location shots of participants and crew. A different, enlarged, selection of photographs from the film and its making appears here.

In 1974 Sol Worth and I planned an issue of *Studies in the Anthropology of Visual Communication* devoted to "Chronicle"; it was to appear as the last in a series of my translations of Rouch's ethnographic film papers (Rouch 1974, 1975, 1978). The Morin and Rouch essays and part of the film transcript were translated by me the following year, and then, for a variety of reasons, the project was put on hold. Jay Ruby revived the publication idea in 1982, and Anny Ewing then drafted a fresh translation of the essays and film text. I have merged and revised all the translations; misprints or ambiguities in the printed French text have been corrected by a new word-for-word check with the actual film.

Steven Feld is Assistant Professor of Communications at The Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania. His book, *Sound and Sentiment: Birds, Weeping, Poetics and Song in Kaluli Expression* (1982), reports on the ethnography of communications research in Papua New Guinea. Currently he is producing (with Shari Robertson) *Stori bilong Bosarvi*, an ethnographic documentary on rapid culture change among the Kaluli.

The translations of the essays by Morin and Rouch have been modified to integrate the authors' footnotes into the text. I have also amplified the notes on frame composition, screen direction, and continuity that are interspersed through the transcript of the film; these additions and modifications are based on the version of the film currently in 16mm distribution in the U.S. These notes are not shot-by-shot descriptions but more general continuity indications. Editorial footnotes are only provided to clarify obscure references in the text or to provide the original French idioms or expressions sometimes awkwardly translated by phrases in quotation.

We wish to thank Anatole Dauman, producer of *Chronique d'un été*, for permission to print the text of the film; Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch for permission to print their essays and for providing photographs from their collections; and Marie-France Laval and Marie Hélène Houdaille for locating and reproducing photographs. For help clarifying various names, dates, places, and references, I am particularly grateful to Marielle Delorme and Jean Rouch.

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Chronicle of a Film

Edgar Morin

In December 1959, Jean Rouch and I were jurors together at the first international festival of ethnographic film in Florence. Upon my return, I wrote an article which appeared in January 1960, in *France Observateur*, entitled "For a New Cinéma-Vérité." I quote it here because it so clearly conveys the intentions which pushed me to propose to Rouch that he make a film, not in Africa this time, but in France.

For a New Cinéma-Vérité

At this first ethnographic and sociological festival of Florence, the *Festival di Popoli*, I got the impression that a new cinéma-vérité was possible. I am referring to the so-called documentary film and not to fictional film. Of course it is through fictional films that the cinema has attained and continues to attain its most profound truths: truths about the relations between lovers, parents, friends; truths about feelings and passions; truths about the emotional needs of the viewer. But there is one truth which cannot be captured by fictional films and that is the authenticity of life as it is lived.

Soviet cinema of the grande époque and then films such as *Le Voleur de bicyclette* and *La Terre tremble* tried their utmost to make certain individuals act out their own lives. But they were still missing that particular irreducible quality which appears in "real life."¹ Taking into account all the ambivalences of the real and of the imaginary, there is in every scene taken from life the introduction of a radically new element in the relationship between viewer and image.

Newscasts present us with life in its Sunday best—official, ritualized—men of state shaking hands, discussions. Once in a while fate, chance, will place in our field of vision a shriveled or a beaming face, an accident, a fragment of truth. This scene taken from life is most often a scene taken from death. As a general rule the camera is too heavy, it is not mobile enough, the sound equipment can't follow the action, and what is live escapes or closes up. Cinema needs a set, a staged ceremony, a halt to life. And then everyone masquerades—equipped with a supplementary mask on the camera.

Cinema cannot penetrate the depth of daily life as it is really lived. There remains the resource of the "camera-thief," like that of Dziga Vertov, camouflaged in a car and stealing snatches of life from the streets;² or like the film *Nice Time*, stealing kisses, smiles, people waiting outside Picadilly Circus. But they can't be seized or caught like scattered snapshots. There remains the resource of camouflaging the camera behind plate glass, as in the Czechoslovakian documentary *Les Enfants nous parlent*, but indiscretion seems to halt the filmmaker just as he becomes a spy.

Cinéma-vérité was thus at an impasse if it wanted to capture the truth of human relations in real life. What it could seize were the work and actions in the field or the factory; there was the world of machines and technology, there were the great masses of humanity in motion. It is, in fact, this direction that was chosen by Joris Ivens, for example, or the English documentary school of Grierson.

There were some successful breakthroughs into the peasant world, as in Henri Storck's *La Symphonie paysanne* and Georges Rouquier's *Le Farrebique*. The filmmaker entered a community and succeeded in revealing something of its life to us. There were some equally extraordinary breakthroughs into the world of the sacred and of ceremonies, for example, Rouquier's *Lourdes* and Jean Rouch's *Les Maîtres fous*. But documentary cinema as a whole remained outside human beings, giving up the battle with fictional film over this terrain.

Is there anything new today? We got the impression at Florence that there was a new movement to reintroduce man by means of cinema, as in *The Lambeth Boys*, a documentary on a youth club in London (awarded a prize at Tours); or *On the Bowery*, a documentary on the drunkards in a section of New York; or *The Hunters*, a documentary on the Bushmen; and, of course, the already well-known films of Jean Rouch.

The great merit of Jean Rouch is that he has defined a new type of filmmaker, the "filmmaker-diver," who "plunges" into real-life situations.³ Ridding himself of the customary technical encumbrances and equipped only with a 16mm camera and a tape recorder slung across his shoulders, Rouch can then infiltrate a community as a *person* and not as the director of a film crew. He accepts the clumsiness, the absence of dimensional sound, the imperfection of the visual image. In accepting the loss of formal aesthetic, he discovers virgin territory, a life which possesses aesthetic secrets within itself. His ethnographer's conscience prevents him from betraying the truth, from embellishing upon it.

NOTE: Unless otherwise indicated, all footnotes in this article were written by Jean Rouch.

1. The French is "pris sur le vif."—Ed.

2. In fact it seems to me that the "camera-eye" experiments by Dziga Vertov and his friends ran up against equipment which was too heavy and difficult to handle. The camera in the street was visible to those it filmed, and this seemed to the authors to invalidate its results. Since then both technical manageability and people's reactivity to the camera have evolved considerably. We must also mention Jean Vigo, whose *À propos de Nice* is quite a fascinating endeavor.

What Rouch did in Africa has now begun in our own Western civilization. *On the Bowery* penetrates the real society of drunkards, who are really drunk, and the live location sound recording puts us right in the middle of a live take on what is really happening. Of course it is relatively easy to film drunken men who are not bothered by the presence of a camera among them. Of course we stay on the margin of real everyday life. But *The Lambeth Boys* tries to show us what young people really are like at play. This could have been achieved only through participant observation, the integration of the filmmaker into the youth clubs, and at the price of a thousand imperfections, or rather of the abandonment of ordinary framing rules. But this type of reporting opens up a prodigiously difficult new route to us. We have the feeling that the documentary wants to leave the world of production in order to show us the world of consumption, to leave the world of the bizarre or the picturesque in order to research the world of intimacy in human relations, or the essence of our lives.

The new cinéma-vérité in search of itself possesses from now on its "camera-pen," which allows an author to draft his film alone (16mm camera and portable tape recorder in hand). It had its pioneers, those who wanted to penetrate beyond appearances, beyond defenses, to enter the unknown world of daily life.

Its true father is doubtless much more Robert Flaherty than Dziga Vertov. *Nanook* revealed, in a certain way, the very bedrock of all civilization: the tenacious battle of man against nature, draining, tragic, but finally victorious. We rediscovered this Flahertian spirit in *The Hunters*, where pre-Iron Age Bushmen chase game which escapes them.⁴

We chose this film for an award not only for its fundamental human truth, but also because this truth suddenly revealed to us our inconceivable yet certain kinship with that tough and tenacious humanity, while all other films have shown us its exotic foreignness. The honesty of this ethnographic film makes it a hymn to the human race. Can we now hope for equally human films about workers, the petty bourgeois, the

petty bureaucrats, about the men and women of our enormous cities? Must these people remain more foreign to us than Nanook the Eskimo, the fisherman of Aran, or the Bushman hunter? Can't cinema be one of the means of breaking that membrane which isolates each of us from others in the metro, on the street, or on the stairway of the apartment building? The quest for a new cinéma-vérité is at the same time a quest for a "cinema of brotherhood."⁵

P.S. Make no mistake. It is not merely a question of giving the camera that lightness of the pen which would allow the filmmaker to mingle in the lives of people. It is at the same time a question of making an effort to see that the subjects of the film will recognize themselves in their own roles. We know that there is a profound kinship between social life and the theater, because our social personalities are made up of roles which we have incorporated within ourselves. It is thus possible, as in a sociodrama, to permit each person to play out his life before the camera.⁶ And as in a sociodrama, this game has the value of psychoanalytic truth, that is to say, precisely that which is hidden or repressed comes to the surface in these roles, the very sap of life which we seek everywhere and which is, nonetheless, within us. More than in social drama, this psychoanalytic truth is played for the audience, who emerges from its cinematographic cataplexy and awakens to a human message. It is then that we can feel for a moment that truth is that which is hidden within us, beneath our petrified relationships. It is then that modern cinema can realize, and it can only realize it through cinéma-vérité, that lucid consciousness of brotherhood where the viewer finds himself to be less alien to his fellow man, less icy and inhuman, less encrusted in a false life.

In Florence I proposed to Rouch that he do a film on love, which would be an antidote to *La Française et l'amour*, in preparation at that time. When we met again in February in Paris, I abandoned this project, as it seemed too difficult, and I suggested this simple

3. This image of the filmmaker-diver always pleased (and flattered) me; the filmmaker with his equipment does indeed look like a deep-sea diver or like an interstellar voyager but one who navigates in a "nonsilent" world.

4. *The Hunters*, produced by the team of the Film Center of the Peabody Museum (Harvard University), comprised of John Marshall, Professor Brew, and Robert Gardner.

5. The French is "cinéma de fraternité."—Ed.

6. This notion of the play of truth and life before the camera, pointed out by Edgar in 1959–60, is a capital one. Starting, no doubt, at the moment when Edgar sensed it in the drafts presented in Florence, it has been possible to pursue this play, no longer with only men who are alien to our culture (thus exotic to the spectator), but with men of our culture (thus brothers to the spectator). From this contact in Florence came the experience of *Chronique d'un été*.

theme: "How do you live?", a question which should encompass not only the way of life (housing, work) but also "How do you manage in life?", "What do you do with your life?"

Rouch accepted. But we had to find a producer. I laid out the idea in two minutes to Anatole Dauman (Argos Films), whom I had recently met. Dauman, seduced by the combination of Rouch and "How do you live?", replied laconically, "I'll buy it."

I then wrote the following synopsis for the filming authorization, which we had to request of the C.N.C. (Centre National de la Cinématographie).

This film is research. The context of this research is Paris. It is not a fictional film. This research concerns real life. This is not a documentary film. This research does not aim to describe; it is an experiment lived by its authors and its actors. This is not, strictly speaking, a sociological film. Sociological film researches society. It is an ethnological film in the strong sense of the term: it studies mankind.

It is an experiment in cinematographic interrogation. "How do you live?" That is to say, not only the way of life (housing, work, leisure) but the style of life, the attitude people have toward themselves and toward others, their means of conceiving their most profound problems and the solutions to those problems. This question ranges from the most basic, everyday, practical problems to an investigation of man himself, without wanting, a priori, to favor one or the other of these problems. Several lines of questioning stand out: the search for happiness; is one happy or unhappy; the question of well-being and the question of love; equilibrium or lack thereof; stability or instability; revolt or acceptance.

This investigation is carried out with men and women, of various ages, of various backgrounds (office workers, laborers, merchants, intellectuals, worldly people, etc.) and will concentrate on a certain number of individuals (six to ten) who are quite different from each other, although none of these individuals could rightly be considered a general "social type."

Considering this approach, we could call this film "two authors in search of six characters." This Pirandellian movement of research will be sensitive and will serve as the dynamic springboard for the film. The authors themselves mingle with the characters; there is not a moat on either side of the camera but free circulation and exchanges. The characters assist in the search, then dissociate themselves, then return to it, and so on. Certain centers of interest are localized (a certain café or group of friends) or are polarized (the problems of couples or of breadwinning).



Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch: "two authors in search of six characters"

Our images will no doubt unveil gestures and attitudes in work, in the street, in daily life, but we will try to create a climate of conversation, of spontaneous discussions, which will be familiar and free and in which the profound nature of our characters and their problems will emerge. Our film will not be a matter of scenes acted out or of interviews but of a sort of psychodrama carried out collectively among authors and characters. This is one of the richest and least exploited universes of cinematographic expression.

At the end of our research we will gather our characters together; most of them will not yet have met each other; some will have become acquainted partially or by chance. We will show them what has been filmed so far (at a stage in the editing which has not yet been determined) and in doing so attempt the ultimate psychodrama, the ultimate explication. Did each of them learn something about him/herself? Something about the others? Will we be closer to each other or will there just be embarrassment, irony, skepticism? Were we able to talk about ourselves? Can we talk to others? Did our faces remain masks? However, whether we reach success or failure in communications during this final confrontation, the success is enough, and the failure is itself a provisional response, as it shows how difficult it is to communicate and in a way enlightens us about the truth

we are seeking. In either case, the ambition of this film is that the question which came from the two author-researchers and was incarnated by means of the real individuals throughout the film will project itself on the theater screen, and that each viewer will ask himself the question "How do you live?", "What do you do in your life?" There will be no "THE END" but an open "to be continued" for each one.

In the course of subsequent discussions, Dauman, Rouch, and I reach an agreement to proceed with some "trial runs." I propose some dinners in a private home (this will be in Marceline's apartment). The starting principle will be *commensality*, that is, that in the course of excellent meals washed down with good wines⁷ we will entertain a certain number of people from different backgrounds, solicited for the film. The meal brings them together with the film technicians (cameraman, sound recordist, grips) and should create an atmosphere of camaraderie. At a certain given moment, we will start filming. The problem is to lift people's inhibitions, the timidity provoked by the film studio and cold interviews, and to avoid as much as possible the sort of "game" where each person, even if he doesn't play a role determined by someone else, still composes a character for himself. This method aims to make each person's reality emerge. In fact, the "commensality," bringing together individuals who like and feel camaraderie with each other, in a setting which is not the film studio but a room in an apartment, creates a favorable climate for communication.

Once filming begins, the actors at the table, isolated by the lighting but surrounded by friendly witnesses, feel as though they are in a sort of intimacy. When they allow themselves to be caught up in the questions, they descend progressively and naturally into themselves. It is pretty difficult to analyze what goes on. It is, in a way, the possibility of a confessional but without a confessor, the possibility of a confession to all and to no one, the possibility of *being* a bit of one's self.

7. At the beginning, this fine meal idea was destined more than anything to satisfy the demonic gourmandise of Morin, thus to get him in the mood for conversation. In fact it allowed a feeling of trust to develop among the actors and the crew, which was indispensable for suppressing inhibitions before the camera (always present and ready to record at any moment).

8. This is one of the major obstacles in this cinema based on complete improvisation. When we do not film a scene as a result of carelessness, or when the filming fails for technical reasons, the new takes are never as good as the original. We eliminated all of them in the final editing. (In *La Pyramide humaine* I also suffered terribly from this difficulty; certain remade scenes had to be kept; these are the worst in the film.)

This experience also takes on meaning for the person being questioned because it is destined for the cinema, that is to say, for isolated individuals in a dark theater, invisible and anonymous, but present. The prospect of being televised, on the other hand, would not provoke such internal liberation, because then it is no longer a matter of addressing everyone and no one, but of addressing people who are eating, talking.

Of course, no question is prepared in advance. And everything must be improvised. I propose to approach, through a certain number of characters, the problem of work (the laborers), of housing and vacations (the Gabillons), of the difficulty of living (Marceline, Marilou). Rouch chooses the technicians: the cameraman Morillère, who works with him at the Musée de l'Homme, the sound recordist Rophé, the electrician Moineau. We start at the end of May, as soon as Rouch finishes *La Pyramide humaine*.

The first meal concerns Marceline, who also plays the role of all-purpose assistant during this preliminary phase. In spite of the dinner, all three of us are very tense and intimidated. It is the beginning of this meal which appears in the first sequence of the film (the essential part of the rest of that conversation is also reproduced in this volume). At the screening of the rushes, we are disappointed. Marceline has narrated episodes of her life, but she has not revealed herself. My first questions were brutal and clumsy; Marceline closed up, and I went back in my shell. It's Rouch who revived the dialogue.

At the second meal we have Jacques Mothet. Jacques is a P2 at Renault and belongs to a group called "Socialism or Barbarity." I think he is the only one since Navel to describe in an illuminating way what goes on in a factory. I do not share the views of "Socialism or Barbarity," and Mothet considers me with a certain distrust. It was upon my insistence that he agreed to participate in this trial. In the course of the meal a lively discussion pits him against Moineau, our electrician, who scorns factory workers, having emancipated himself to find an independent profession. We get so caught up in the discussion that it does not occur to us to film; we realize too late that we have let something essential escape. We ask Jacques and Moineau to take up the debate again. We film, but there is no longer the same spontaneity.⁸ [A short fragment of this scene was integrated in the film. Moineau is cut out; Jacques talks about workers who unsuccessfully try to leave the factory. This fragment is edited together with a later discussion which brings together Jacques, Angélo, and Jean.]

The third trial run is with Marilou. Marilou has been adrift for several months, and during this time I have not had a conversation with her. To my mind, Marilou confirms the idea that the best are those who live with the most difficulty. It suffices here to say that for me



"Commensality": filming encounters at a dinner table with Edgar Morin and Angélo, a factory worker at the Renault Company



Régis and Edgar Morin at one of the dinner discussions

the question "How do you live?" necessarily and fundamentally implicated Marilou. The naive viewer will be surprised if I say that ordinarily and especially in public, Marilou is shy. What happened that evening was an unforeseen and distressing plunge, of which the camera evidently only recorded that which emerged in the language and on the face of Marilou.⁹ (In the filmscript that follows we have almost fully restored my dialogue with Marilou that was cut from the film.)

For the fourth trial we invite Jacques Gabillon and his wife, Simone. I knew Gabillon during the time when I was the editor of the *Patriot Résistant*, the journal of the F.N.D.I.R.P. (Federation of Resistant and Patriotic Deportees and Internees). From Bordeaux he came to Paris, where he had great difficulty finding work and housing. Since then he has been an employee of the S.N.C.F. (the national railroad) for several years. I have the impression that Simone and Jacques invest a large portion of their aspirations on vacations, which are made easier for them by the availability of free railroad tickets. In fact they are leaving this very evening to spend the Pentecost holidays in Brittany, and we are hoping to hold them here right up to the last minute, so that the camera could record live their fear of missing the train. Through them we plan to raise the issue of modern-day vacations. But I start by talking to them about the question of housing and the conversation takes an unexpected turn (bedbugs). At this point there is a camera failure and they leave without attacking the question of vacations. [A section of this scene was put in the film at the beginning of a second Gabillon interview, which we filmed later, at the end of June or early July.]

We want a student. Marceline insists that we take Jean-Pierre. I hesitate because he is too close to Marceline. Rouch says Jean-Pierre is okay. I give in to their opinion (I won't regret it). At the same time it will eventually be a matter of a new trial run with Marceline, who had overcomposed her character in her first trial. We do not forewarn Marceline that she will be included in the course of this dinner. We only

tell her to remain seated next to Jean-Pierre. We find that it is difficult to begin a conversation with him. I try to ask him what his reactions are to people of my age. After a few abstract exchanges, Jean-Pierre talks about his feeling of impotence and evokes the woman that he had been unable to make happy. Then I address myself to Marceline, who is very moved. [The last part of this interaction is almost totally preserved in the film.]

Finally we film an encounter between Marceline and Marilou in the presence of Jean-Pierre. Marceline and Marilou had met a month or two earlier and liked each other. Then there was a cooling of this friendship, which I attributed to the first trial runs. (We had been moved by Marilou's trial run, disappointed with Marceline's.) I thought it healthy to open up an explication in front of the camera, during a dinner, of course, in hopes of provoking a revival of the lost friendship by means of a frank explication. In fact, I provoked an even more marked confrontation, in which each one in turn retreated into her solitude. Nothing from this discussion, perhaps the first real argument which has been recorded on film, was included in the final film.¹⁰

The "trial runs" are finished. We don't know yet that what will end up being the essence of our film has already been shot. The producers have decided to continue but on the condition that Rouch agree to take on a cameraman of great talent (Sacha Vierny) and a master editor (Colpi). I myself would agree, as I accord small importance to such matters, but Rouch, who can only work with technicians that he gets along with well, wants to choose his own. After exhausting discussions, Rouch accepts Viguier (cameraman for *Lourdes* by Rouquier) and Tarbès.

At the same time Rouch is negotiating with Pierre Braunberger, producer of his preceding films, who does not want Rouch to undertake anything before reworking the editing of *La Pyramide humaine*.

Besides this, Rouch and I are beginning to have our differences. For him, the words spoken in the course of the trial runs should illustrate the images.

9. I was behind the camera during this scene. We were then using an Arriflex camera with an enormous soundproof case ("blimp"). Morillère was at my side, holding focus. When Marilou spoke of suicide, the silence which followed was so necessary that no one spoke. Morillère and I exchanged a glance which meant "we won't stop," and when Morin finally broke the silence, everyone breathed again.

10. This beautiful scene had to be eliminated because the pretext of the discussion was the screening of the film *l'Etoile*, which Marilou and Marceline had just seen. The references to this film were too frequent to avoid making this section an overly specific discussion.

He has had enough of filming in place, in a room with a camera on a tripod. He has had even more than enough of seeing that everything filmed so far is sad; it needs joyful things, gaiety, the other aspect of life. He thinks the film should be centered on two or three heroes; otherwise the spectator runs the risk of being lost in a succession of images, unable to relate to characters he knows nothing about. If necessary, we would establish a plausible plot, as in *La Pyramide humaine*. On top of this, Rouch wants to finish up some research which is close to completion: to film in the street with synchronous sound, that is, for example, to capture the conversation of two friends who are walking down the Champs-Élysées. Finally, in this end of June, beginning of July, Rouch thinks that some considerable event may evolve in the course of the summer (generalized conflict starting with the events in the Congo? peace in Algeria with the conversations of Melun?), and that we must film *Summer 1960* as a chronicle of a capital moment in history.¹¹

As for me, I think that the trials are only interesting if the words emerge from the faces, in close-ups, of Gabillon, Marceline, Jean-Pierre, Marilou, Jacques. I think that we must now go to Jacques's actual workplace, that is, to the Renault factory, and maybe film other places of work, like the offices of the S.N.C.F. where Gabillon is employed. We should also go to leisure places, in the streets of the city. We should attack the political problems which weigh down this summer of 1960—the Congo, the war of Algeria—but I would not like the theme of "How do you live?" to dissolve into the "chronicle of a summer." Neither would I like it to dissolve into two or three people, nor would I like it to be characters, but multiple presences. This means pursuing a survey on three levels: the level of private life, internal and subjective; the level of work and social relations; and finally the level of present history, dominated by the war in Algeria. The film should be a montage of images in which the question "How do you live?" is transformed into "How can one live?" and "What can one do?" which would bounce off the viewer.

11. It was a gamble; we lost. Indeed the summer of 1960 was to represent for us an essential moment in the history of France, and to show the repercussions of this adventure on the heroes already associated with our enterprise seemed to me to become the principal subject of the film. Nothing remains of this except for the Algeria-Congo discussion and the title, *Chronique d'un été*.

Pressed from all sides, in different directions, by two producers, and by me, Rouch establishes a perilous *modus vivendi* with Braunberger and accepts Viguier-Tarbès from Dauman. While I am forced to be away from Paris, he films on the Champs-Élysées, in synchronous sound, Jean-Pierre and his friend Régis taking a walk; introduces them to some other young people, among whom is Marilou; finally he films a fourteenth of July dance with Jean-Pierre, Régis, Marilou, Landry, and Marceline.

After the Champs-Élysées filming, a triangular discussion opposes Dauman, Viguier, and Rouch. Dauman complains about the poor quality of the picture. From that point on, he wants to block any more technical improvisation and threatens to abandon the film if "drastic" measures are not taken.

I take advantage of the crisis to revive the meals, this time collective meals. At the discussion on Algeria (in addition to Jean-Pierre, Régis, Marceline) Rouch introduces Jean-Marc, a young filmmaker, and I introduce Céline, a Communist student. This discussion was in fact quite lively, violent, and at certain moments pathetic, at others comical (I was drunk by halfway through the meal); Viguier and the sound recordist, Guy Rophé, participated quite spontaneously. [Only a few pale tatters of this discussion remain in the film, since we have omitted the sections where certain of the young people got very heavily involved.]

The discussion on the Congo is filmed in the open air, on the terrace of the Totem, the restaurant at the Musée de l'Homme. Rouch has introduced Nadine, Landry, and Raymond, who appeared in *La Pyramide humaine* while they were high school students in Abidjan. Two discussions result, one unforeseen discussion on sexual relations between blacks and whites and the other on the Congo, the first ending the moment Marceline explains the meaning of the number tattooed on her arm.

At this moment, Viguier and Tarbès leveled the camera at Landry's suddenly solemn face; they then frame the face of Nadine, who has begun to cry near Landry. At that second the film in the camera runs out, and we could only capture the beginning of Nadine's emotion, as she hides her face in her hands.

Two remarks: (1) In this type of filming, the framing must follow the event. In ordinary films the event is circumscribed by a preestablished frame composition. Here, however, everything depends on instinct, on a sort of telepathic communication which is established between the cameraman and the scene. It is the cameraman's responsibility to capture the significant face, which is not necessarily the speaker's face; in the course of filming, Morillère, Rouch, Viguier, Tarbès, and (later) Brault all had some of these inspired moments which involved more than talent: sympathy and communication.

(2) The expression on a face in tears is radically different in acted cinema and in lived cinema. In acted cinema, the actor forces the expression on his face to *signify* his tears; even when he is really moved, he exaggerates his emotion so as to convey it. In real life, we make tremendous efforts to dissemble tears: we hold back sobs, tighten our facial muscles; we inhibit instead of exhibit. This was revealed at the playback projection of the scenes where Marceline (the dinner with Jean-Pierre), Marilou, and Nadine (fleetingly, because there was no more film) are in tears.

Around the twentieth of July we lose our cameraman. However, I have already made arrangements with Renault Corporation so that we can film in their factory workshops. We have to film before July 28, the date when the factory closes for vacation. I had already asked Jacques to pick out some young workers to do a discussion-dinner on their work, and there was only one evening—or night, rather—when we could get them together after work let out.

Argos Films assigned us a director of production, who has the disagreeable job of overseeing the technical conditions of the filming. He is ordered to authorize filming only if a clapstick slate is used: this order was not always respected. It is a director of shorts, Heinrich, who accepted this job so as to watch Rouch film and to get to know his methods. As I insist on the need for the workers' meal, Heinrich calls on two television cameramen. We go to the factory exit to look for Jacques, who introduces us to Angélo and Jean. The technical preparations are difficult. It is late. We are tired. We film at around three in the morning a discussion which reveals Angélo and Jean to us. [Only a thin fragment of this discussion is integrated in the film.]

We have forty-eight hours before vacation closing to film in the Renault factories at Billancourt. We hire Coutard, who worked with a hand-held camera in Godard's *A bout de souffle* and who is free for a few days before he has to begin *Le petit soldat*. What we have to film, unlike industrial documentaries, is not machines but the faces and hands of the workers. The vacant faces of those who do mechanical work, the specialized workers, appendages of their machines, eternally repeating the same gestures. We should also film the relationships between boss-foremen and workers, but this is impossible; we would have to camouflage microphones and cameras in every corner of the shops.

Following Jacques's indications, I keep an eye out for the most significant scenes. While Coutard's assistant cameraman, Beausoleil, sets up a camera on a tripod with a microphone fixed next to it, Coutard and Rouch wander among the machines. Coutard, with 35mm camera in hand, ultrasensitive film (which needs no lighting), and telephoto lens, shoots scenes of the factory without being noticed. We also film the great vacation exodus from the factory, with three cameras set up at different points. We accumulate almost an hour and a half of film. We have not filmed Angélo, Jean, and Jacques at their machines, for fear of unfavorable reactions from the management, either for them later or for us at the moment.

Shortly thereafter—or shortly before?—we have a dinner with the Gabillons, again at Marceline's apartment, where we bring up several different subjects about happiness and about work. Jacques Gabillon talks about "two men" who are in him and of the modern-day man, "a bunch of identity papers." [Part of this meal makes up the second half of the Gabillon sequence.]

In the meantime Rouch and Dauman reach an agreement to hire the Canadian cameraman Michel Brault. Brault had shot some short films with a hand-held camera and in synchronous sound for the Canadian National Film Board. Rouch knew him and admired his work. After several intercontinental telegrams and phone calls, Brault agrees to come and arrives in Paris at the end of July, beginning of August. This is the chance for Rouch to victoriously resume his filming experiments in the street, in nature, with synchronous sound. This time Rouchian "pédovision" will replace my "commensality." (This is what we call the two methods used in this film.)

The fifteenth of August approaches. Rouch wants to film Marceline alone in the streets of deserted Paris on August 15. Marceline proposes going to the Place de la Concorde where Dmytryck is making a film about the German occupation. It is studded with Wermacht direction signs; there are extras dressed up as German soldiers. We arrive at the Place de la Concorde on August 15, but Dmytryck's filming ended the day before; the German signs have disappeared, no more Wermacht.

Rouch inaugurates the new methods: Marceline will have a tape recorder slung across her shoulders, connected to a clip-on lavalier microphone brought by Brault; she will walk along, talking to herself in a low voice. Brault films her from Rouch's 2CV with Rouch at his side. Heinrich, Rophé, his assistant, and I push the 2CV for the dolly shot. We continue at the Place de l'Opéra, hardly deserted: August 15 was quite populated this year—not only tourists, but Parisians as well. I propose a quiet street in the Sentier, rue Beauregard (where a few unknowns begin to gather) and then Les Halles where the



Raoul Coutard and Jean Rouch at the Renault factory



Jean Rouch speaks with workers at the Renault factory

strangely dead setting, a sort of station from a nightmare, makes Marceline recall the transport to Auschwitz and the return. To establish contact with normal life, Rouch makes Marceline walk under the Arcades on the rue de Rivoli, where she continues to talk to herself whenever inspired by the store windows. [In the film we have kept the Place de la Concorde and Les Halles sequences from this filming.]

Once again Rouch is struck with the desire to leave the "sad" problems and look for something else. He takes advantage of a meeting in Saint Jean de Luz with Braunberger to take off with Nadine, Landry, and Brault. He films several scenes between Nadine and Landry on the road, at the seashore, where Nadine and Landry are supposed to be two student hitchhikers who take off to the south of France on vacation. [From this shooting there remains a fragment of the bullfight in the final film.]

Rouch wants to film Saint Tropez, continuing the hitchhiking adventure of Landry and Nadine, and reintroducing Marilou, Jean-Pierre, and Marceline. As this idea holds absolutely no appeal for me, he tries to win me over by saying that we'll film my little daughters in Saint Tropez, discovering some new starlets. What finally makes up my mind is the idea of Landry as "black explorer of France on vacation."

Meantime Rouch has the idea of a pseudo-Brigitte Bardot, whom we will put in the setting Saint Tropez. This idea appeals to Dauman, who sets out to look for pseudo-Brigitte Bardots; his associate Lifchitz goes off on his own hunt. We run the risk of being inundated with false B.B.'s, but Argos Films, to economize, only hires one—the real Sophie Destrade.

While the Saint Tropez expedition is being prepared to Rouch's great joy, I learn that Marilou is leading a new life. She no longer feels as lonely as before and has met a young man with whom she is in love. I propose a new dialogue with Marilou, which takes place in my home. Marilou has forewarned me that she will not talk about her friend, her apprehension makes her very nervous. (We had to wait two hours before the equipment was ready to function, and she had to get back to her office.) As she spoke her facial expression changed from joy to fear to the sadness of memory to hope. ["Marilou is Happy" sequence.]

Marceline has stayed in Paris while Jean-Pierre is on vacation with Régis in the south. She thinks Jean-Pierre is drifting away from her. She has family problems. We film a conversation with her but she has been, unconsciously, influenced by the rushes she has seen of Marilou. [This dialogue with Marceline was not integrated into the film.] From this point on, we no longer show the rushes to the participants, except to Angélo, who has a skeptical, even ironic, interest in our enterprise.



Landry, "African explorer of France on vacation," at Saint Tropez



Sophie at Saint Tropez



(Top and bottom) Michel Brault films and Jean Rouch records the jetty dialogue between Jean-Pierre and Marceline at Saint Tropez



Jean-Pierre and Marceline during their final dialogue at Saint Tropez



Rouch, Brault, Marilou, Landry, Nadine, and Catherine take the "Caravelle" airliner. Rouch introduces Catherine, who is a happy woman: she has no problems, says he (unfortunately she will have some problems in Saint Tropez). In the plane, Rouch films a conversation between Catherine and Landry, who pretend they are just meeting. He films Marilou and Landry. In the train from Nice to Saint Raphael he films again. [Nothing of all of this is preserved in the film.]

At this point Rouch and I have a clear difference of opinion. Rouch wants to film a surrealist dream with Marilou, where she wanders alone in the night, dances, goes for a walk in the cemetery, meets a man who is wearing the mask of Eddie Constantine; the man pursues her, unmasks himself, it's Landry. I tell him that I am against this scene, as any fiction falsifies the very meaning of what has already been filmed. Rouch films Catherine waterskiing. I grumble. Finally we reach an agreement: I'll stick to everything having to do with "Landry, black explorer," I'll stick to the false Brigitte Bardot and to the staged publicity

photographers attracting the crowd of tourists; I propose a collective discussion on the theme of Saint Tropez, and I maintain that we must film a dialogue between Jean-Pierre and Marceline.¹²

The Saint Tropez discussion takes place on the terrace of a hotel, but the film used to record this discussion was, by mistake, mostly ultrasensitive film. [The film retains a brief moment of the usable segment, and Sophie's comments in the discussion are used as voice-over while she walks at l'Epi beach.]

I revive the theme of happiness in a conversation filmed with my two daughters, with Landry intervening. [A fragment of the conversation was preserved in the film.]

During these two days of filming, Marceline and Jean-Pierre are having difficulties in their relationship. I ask them again if they would agree to try to work out their relationship in front of the camera. I tell Jean-Pierre separately that this scene, where for the first time the camera would film a couple's discussion, would only be meaningful if it were not thought out in advance. Since for some time Marceline has had the

12. Though all this Saint Tropez period was terribly depressing for Edgar, who felt threatened by the fiction of psychodramas, it was terribly exciting for Michel Brault and me, as we invented our new tools. We came back from Lausanne, where Stephan Kudelski, inventor of the Nagra tape recorder, excited by the enthusiasm of Michel Fano (sound engineer), Michel Brault, and me, let us glimpse the cinema which was to be born a year later. Marilou's dreams, fake encounters in the plane and the train, the false B. B. —these were as much experiments in synchronous sound filming in a plane, on a train, in a crowd, etc.: the first in the world and since much imitated.

tendency of composing her own character, Jean-Pierre would have to avoid allowing the climate of their dialogue to become too literary. What would Marceline and Jean-Pierre decide? I don't know. We waited until the last moment to tell Jean-Pierre and Marceline that it was their turn, and Rouch chose a little nearby jetty. There is a strong mistral on the embankment. Jean-Pierre and Marceline sit side by side. Rouch is listening in through headphones; he's the only one who can hear the dialogue. Brault is lying three meters away with the camera, and I myself at three meters' distance can hear nothing. Jean-Pierre has the clip-on lavalier microphone. From time to time Brault says "cut," he changes angle; Jean-Pierre responds by clapping his hands to slate the next scene. [This scene was condensed in the editing, not by choosing one continuous segment, but by selecting and juxtaposing different moments. The viewer also sees frequent shot changes, and under these conditions it is difficult to escape the idea of staging, especially since it is difficult to believe that a couple could agree to give themselves up in such a way to the camera. This sequence, which was cut out by Argos in the copy passed on exclusively to the "Agriculteurs," is kept in the other copies.¹³ It shows much more pointedly than the other sequences the problems of conventional cinematic editing in relation to our filmed material. In spite of the misunderstandings it might engender, I think this scene necessary, because it witnesses an extreme point of our enterprise.]¹⁴

We return to Paris. Argos (in a new repressive phase) wants to limit our filming days. Rouch cannot film if he feels pressured. I suggest to Rouch that he accept the limits; if we have not completed our program, Argos will be obliged to make us finish the film. But interminable discussions continue.

Nonetheless, I establish a filming schedule in a spirit of compromise with Rouch: since Rouch wants some "heroes," I make an effort to put some emphasis on the worker-heroes Angélo, Jacques, Jean. At the same time, in order to revive the theme of "How do you live?," which has already been considerably

compromised, I propose interviews in the street where Marceline and Nadine stop passersby and ask them "Are you happy?" Again I take up the theme we had already planned, of encounters among our characters: worker-student encounters, encounters of women among themselves, encounters of men, to lead up to the grand final encounter. To start, we are going to approach the question of the return from vacation. Rouch accepts this program: He also wants to film conversations on the terrace of a café (Les Deux Magots), in a department store like Galeries Lafayette, and an encounter in the women's shop that Catherine has on the Left Bank. The film crew for this last shooting period is made up of: cameraman: Brault; sound: Rophé (in his absence either Rouch or Boucher take care of it); and general assistants: Morillère and Boucher, who are attached to the committee on ethnographic film. Rouch has arranged with the engineer Coutant the possibility of working with his new prototype electronic 16mm camera, which is lighter and, more important, *soundproof*, that is to say, we can film anywhere, without a "blimp" to absorb camera noise.

The end of vacation means first of all back to school: we film Irène, Véronique, and their little friend Dominique leaving the Fenelon high school during the first days of school and walking home on rue Soufflot. The Rouch technique is in full force here. Véronique has the clip-on microphone and a tape recorder slung over her shoulders; they walk freely. Brault, guided by hand signals from Rouch, follows or precedes them, filming up close with a wide-angle lens. Thus in this procession where filmers and filmees almost form one body, the normal movement of passersby is almost undisturbed, the characters in movement feel at ease with the camera, their comments are directly related to the spectacle in the street (a *France-Soir* headline, a cinema poster, a shop window, etc.). The sound leaves something to be desired: every step Véronique takes jostles the tape recorder; we can hear a sound like a heartbeat, certain words are barely audible. We also film Véronique and Irène doing their first homework, questioned by Nadine on their first days back to school and on the characters in the film. These scenes were not included in the film. I would have liked to see them ask more about the opinion of the two little girls on the world of adults, on their own "How do you live?"

The end of vacation is also Jean-Pierre preparing for his philosophy exams, which he failed in June. An important theme: if Jean-Pierre fails them again in October, he will lose his deferment and be called up for military service, that is to say, Algeria. We film a discussion scene at Jean-Pierre's desk with Régis. They talk in ironic terms of philosophy, they consult the list of signatures for the call of the 121, they

13. "Les Agriculteurs" was a movie theater known for screening experimental and innovative films. The scene mentioned here is included in the filmscript that follows; it does not appear in English subtitled prints of the film circulated in the United States.—Ed.

14. To my mind, this scene is one of the most beautiful in the film, along with the one of Marceline on August 15 (of which this is the opposite). We made the error, in editing, of trying to condense it (it lasted almost half an hour in the rushes), respecting a certain cinematographic language (changes of angles between different shots).

Michel Brault films Jean-Pierre and Régis



Régis (carrying tape recorder) meets Jean-Pierre after his exams





Michel Brault films Régis and Jean-Pierre on the Champs-Élysées

blame Rouch and me for not signing, trying to get a rise out of us. Then we film Jean-Pierre coming out of his exam. He leaves the Sorbonne; Régis is waiting for him in the square with the tape recorder over his shoulder and clip-on microphone on his lapel. Brault films their encounter and follows them. While they head toward the Seine on small side streets, they talk about the written dissertation, then about one thing or another in a half-serious, half-joking tone. On the quais of the Seine, Régis asks Jean-Pierre what his plans are for the future and whether he imagines himself joining in. Jean-Pierre does not want to join in. They walk away along the quais "toward the east, toward the future," says Régis, who will, in the next year, belong to the Communist party. When Jean-Pierre finds out he has passed, we film Rouch, Morin, and Jean-Pierre walking in the gardens of l'Observatoire. Jean-Pierre is questioned about his plans for the future. [None of these scenes is included in the final film.]

The end of vacation is Marilou returning home; her fragile happiness seems to have consolidated a bit. We shoot a scene in a hotel room on rue Git-le-Coeur, where she goes to see her friend Jeanne, whom she hasn't seen since she got back. Jeanne asks her questions about her vacation, her plans. Marilou is relaxed, cheerful. [This scene, kept almost up to the last moment, was finally not included in the film (to my great regret, since it showed Marilou smiling and joking) as with almost all scenes dealing with the return from vacation and events which follow the vacations.]

The end of vacation is also the Gabillons returning with souvenirs and photos of their vacation in Spain. We go to the Gabillons' apartment, in their low-cost housing development in Clichy, and we film their breakfast and ask them to bring out their photos and talk about their vacation. [This scene was not included in the film.]

In filming the return from vacation, we took advantage of the chance to film daily life. Marilou and her boyfriend getting washed and dressed in her little room; the camera follows them down the service stairs (the longest stairway traveling shot that has ever been done, Brault's camera following Marilou's hands on the banister rail), in the street, then Marilou walking up the Champs-Élysées, going into her office (at Cahiers du Cinéma), working on some letters, and typing. [Some of these shots were included; one at the beginning of the first Marilou sequence, the others at the end of the second Marilou sequence.]

Daily life: that means filming the life outside work of Angélo, Jean, Jacques. We start with Angélo, whom we meet at the exit of the factory and who is then followed by Brault in the street, on the bus, at home, without interruption until nightfall. We don't know where Angélo lives, and we discover the interminable stairway which goes up to the Clamart plateau (we could not have found such a setting if we had searched for one like it), the suburban streets which change from urban to rustic, and finally the little cottage where Angélo lives with his mother. We also discover how Angélo spends his time: doing judo

exercises (he is a judoka amateur), playing guitar, reading (a life of Danton), then dinner and bed. Since Angélo gets up at 4:45 the next morning, he goes to bed early. We tell him to leave his key in the door so we can film him waking up. At three in the morning Morillère comes to wake me up while Boucher waits in the street. Completely naked, haggard, I open the door for him, he flees. I catch up to him and then call Rouch. I tear him from his sleep. Rouch phones Brault. We pick up Rouch and Brault in Dauphine, and, cursing the film, empty-stomached, we hurry to Clamart. In the darkness we penetrate like burglars into Angélo's little garden. Boucher steps in manure, stifling his curses. We finally enter the bedroom on tiptoe, holding back our laughter. Brault hoists his camera up to his shoulder and that's the signal: we turn on the lights. While Brault shoots, we see Angélo coming out of sleep under the effects of the light. When he discovers us, flabbergasted, he curses at us, and we burst into laughter. [This shot of his waking is retained in the film. It does not strike the spectator, who cannot tell the difference with a fake movie alarm-clock ring.] Angélo has his coffee with milk, brought to him by his mother, then gets up, washes, gets dressed, leaves the house, takes the bus, etc. . . . the camera follows him up till the moment when he disappears into the factory by the great door on the Place National, while we see, as though a director had prepared everything, two guards in uniform watching the entrances and, in front of the door, a worker distributing leaflets. [A certain number of shots from this Angélo filming were preserved and edited into the final film.]

This same morning Angélo is called in by the management of his shop, where he is informed that he has been transferred to another, very tough shop. Did this bullying have anything to do with our cinematographic intervention the day before, at the factory exit? (The shop foreman said to him, "So, we're making movies now?") The next morning Angélo comes to find me and explains the affair. As Rouch is supposed to come with Brault a bit later, I tell him that we absolutely must film. They arrive and Angélo explains what happened to Rouch in a three-sided discussion. They ask him about his future. Angélo, discouraged, wants to leave the tool machines. Could we find him work? We'll have to look around. [An important part of this scene was included in the film. Even though chronologically it takes place after vacation, we put it in before the vacation sequences, given that we wanted to include it and that we wanted to end the film at the end of the vacation.]

Following this incident, Jean, the young worker-turned-draftsman, no longer wants to be filmed. He will only agree to participate in a discussion between students and workers. We film Jacques waking, getting up, leaving for the factory; he lives in Montmartre and goes by motorbike to Billancourt. We follow him

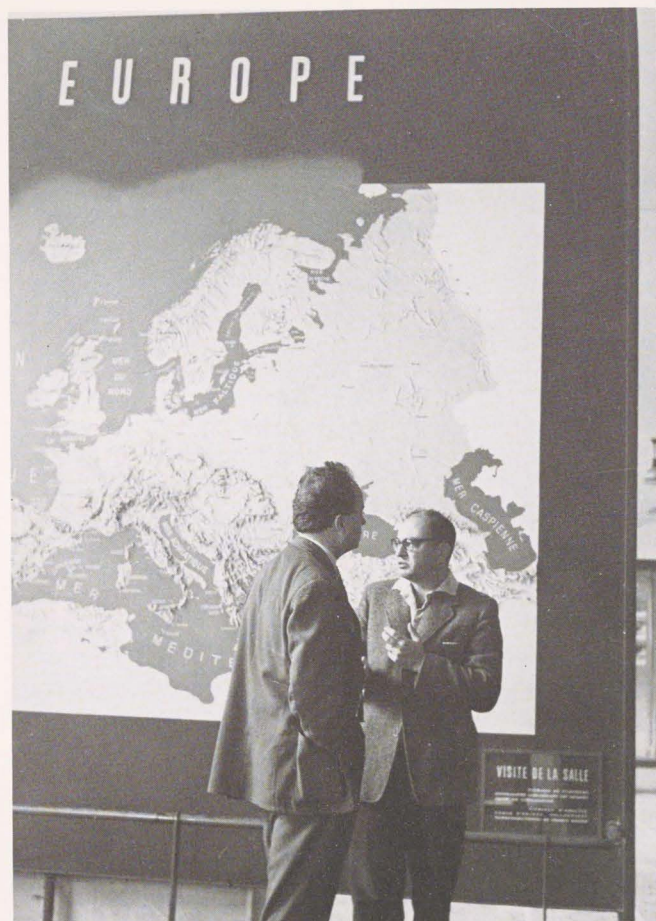
in two cars, one behind lighting him with its headlights, the other either beside him or slightly ahead, with Brault filming. [None of this is included in the film.]

Taking advantage of the last weeks of good weather, Jacques, his wife, their children, Angélo, and sometimes other friends often go to Fontainebleau forest, near Milly, for the weekend. Even though Rouch is again deeply involved in worker life, I insist that we go to Milly-la-Forêt. Rouch organizes a parallel expedition with Nadine, Catherine, and Landry. We leave in several cars and with two cameras (Brault and Morillère). We have a picnic and film what is going on (rock climbing, climbing down with ropes, children's games, songs). [One part of what was filmed here constitutes the Milly-la-Forêt sequence in the film.]

Are you happy? Since the beginning of the film, Rouch has thought that Nadine could be a sort of woman-sphinx who would ask a riddle of passersby in the street. To my mind, this question should be "Are you happy?" asked by Marceline and Nadine together (one alone would be intimidated) in different areas of Paris. The camera would be hidden in a car; the microphone would be visible. We film at Place du Panthéon, rue Soufflot, Place de la Bastille, at Ménilmontant, at the Passy metro, at Place Victor Hugo. [A certain number of these interviews constitute the "Are you happy?" sequence.]

At the same time we envisage several surveys in greater depth on the theme of "How do you live?" Marceline obtains the consent of a postal service employee to interview him and his wife in their home [not included in the film] and of a garage mechanic whom she interviews in his shop [a good part is included in the film]. Rouch knows a happy young couple, the Cuénets, who are also interviewed [this interview is, for the most part, included in the film]. At around the same time we record a walking dialogue between me and Rouch at the Musée de l'Homme where we try to tie things up. [This dialogue was not included in the film.]

I am keen on the encounters, and I envisage an encounter between workers and students, an encounter among the women who participated in the film, and an encounter among the men, before the general encounter. Material obstacles and the time factor (Argos makes it clear that everything must be finished by the end of October) prevent us from organizing all but the student-worker encounter. One Sunday noon we organize a lunch at the restaurant of the Musée de l'Homme with Angélo, Jean, Régis, and Jean-Pierre. After some embarrassing slow starts, the conversation livens up.



Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin during the filming of their final dialogue in the halls of the Musée de l'Homme

Angélo and Jean attack the students for their arrogance with regard to workers. Jean-Pierre and Régis explain themselves. [This discussion was not included in the film.] At a neighboring table sat Landry. Rouch wants Angélo and Landry to meet each other. We all go to my house, and Rouch sets them face to face on a step of the stairway. Angélo had very much liked the rushes where Landry appeared, commenting on the bullfight, moralizing to the little girls, talking about his black skin. Angélo seemed like a good guy to Landry, who had likewise seen him on the screen. In fact, a friendship was born before our eyes, under the eye of the camera. At the same time Angélo fully expresses his protest against both the conditions of the workers and what he sees as the false compensation for these conditions, this embourgeoisement symbolized by the possession of a car.

Rouch prepares the filming in Catherine's shop, where Nadine, Sophie, and Marceline are supposed to participate. There is a tension between Marceline and Catherine ever since Saint Tropez. On top of that, Marceline is critical of Catherine's "bourgeois lifestyle." I tell Marceline that she may "attack," but I also tell her that it would be better not to touch on

any private problems. The camera is hidden in the back of the shop; the microphone is also hidden. Marceline, Nadine, and Sophie are among the clients (who are unaware of the filming); they try things on. Suddenly Marceline attacks. Her accusations become more and more precise and intimate, whereas Catherine is very relaxed. Nadine, feeling uneasy, says to Marceline "we're leaving," and they depart. [We baptized this sequence "Thunder over the Petticoats." It was not included in the film. A part of the sound track is pretty inaudible; the shop door was left open for several minutes, and the street noises drowned out the words.]

A few days later Rouch films a conversation on the terrace of the Deux Magots, without disturbing the regular customers (camera camouflaged in a car parked on the sidewalk, microphone camouflaged under a handkerchief). Marceline and Nadine comment on the outburst that occurred at Catherine's. One afternoon, a couple of days later, we film at the Old Navy, a café where Marceline is a regular. We record a conversation between Marceline and Marilou on the terrace using the same method. Marceline talks about Jean-Pierre; she says that they have reached a new agreement, founded on freedom and mutual trust. We also film a breakfast in bed with Marceline and Jean-Pierre, then their rising and morning ritual. [None of these scenes, each of which uncovers a new aspect of Marceline, was included in the film.]

At last we shoot the final encounter. I had dreamed of a sort of confrontation in a large room after projecting the film, with multiple cameras and microphones recording not only the reactions to the film, but also the conversations that would start up spontaneously and according to the affinities among the different characters. A big final scene where the scales would fall and consciousness would be awakened, where we would take a new "oath of the tennis court"¹⁵ to construct a new life.

Of course this is no longer feasible. It is no longer possible to show the entire film. Of course nothing has been edited, and we must hurry to finish before the deadline. We choose the short cut of using the rushes which were specific to each of the characters. Marilou happy, Marceline—August 15, Jean-Pierre

15. The "serment du Jeu de paume" was sworn on June 20, 1789, by the deputies of the Third Estate not to separate after giving a constitution to France. Because the king prohibited access to the Salle des Menus Plaisirs where they usually met, they went to the nearby Jeu de Paume.—Ed.

Marceline and Catherine
at the store



and Régis coming out of exam, return from vacation—Gabillon, Milly-la-Forêt, and a few other fragments. The reunion takes place in the projection room of the Studio Publicis, in the basement. After showing the film, we open the discussion. [This was abridged in the film, but all of the critical aspects were retained.]

In this sequence, voluntarily or involuntarily, Angélo, Marceline, and Marilou all say something essential about themselves, each one revealing in a word just what they had done in the moment when the camera's eye was trained on them. I feel that Rouch is distressed by the criticisms. We separate at the Champs-Élysées; it is raining; it's the last reel, Brault films the wet, glistening sidewalk, which reflects the passersby. The unfinished film is completed. Nearly six months of effort, of passion, of arguments, of camaraderie, of experience, of research abruptly become memories. I will no longer wake Rouch at 8 A.M., Brault will take off for Canada. Each person goes off on his own. It is autumn.

The film is finished.

Renault lays off 2,000 workers, Angélo is one of them. I tried to find him work, first doing odd jobs for some friends, while waiting. He almost learned how to make tapestries in the studio of a friend, Yvette Prince, but the studio was going through a difficult period; he did a stint as a warehouse man for a publishing firm, where he began to show his demanding spirit; he was fired ("What do you want?", he asks me philosophically, "I'm a revolutionary"). Nina Baratier, a film editor, found him a place as stagehand at the Billancourt studios in the early spring. He wants to get away from the machines, and we are trying to help

him. One day Angélo disappears from the studios. He had found a skilled worker job in a little metalwork factory, much smaller than Renault. He was supposed to get married. He has since gotten married.

The intervention of the film has thus had a pretty powerful effect on Angélo's life. In the first phase, it crystallized his revolt against the alienation of manual labor, in the hopes of escaping machines. For several months he experienced other types of work (warehouse man, stagehand). He was able to see the possible significance of a choice between an independent but chancy job and a subordinate but regular job; between his qualification as a machinist and those of other jobs for which he had no technical training. Of course I did not push him in any particular direction; I always looked in the direction he indicated. If he does finally return to the machines it will be less by force than by his own choice.

Marilou is trying hard to hold the ground she has gained. The couple has some difficult money problems. Recently, Marilou has had the opportunity to learn a skill that is much more interesting and freer than secretarial work, studio photography.

Marceline, the film finished, could not return to her applied psychosociological surveys. Argos helped her out. She is looking for work she would like; in fact she could be an actress. Jean-Pierre lives with her.

Jean-Pierre passed his exams and is pursuing his degree. He is looking for a job that would not keep him from preparing for his next exams.

Landry, after having spent the last year in a provincial high school, is taking a private course in Paris. Nadine is going to take her baccalaureate exams in philosophy. Gabillon took a trip to Greece. He would like a more interesting job and hopes to get into the European railroad agency. Régis went on vacation to Cuba and upon his return joined the Communist party. The Cuénets are going to have a baby. All of them regret that the film only showed a one-sided view of themselves. They all feel they are richer, more complex, than their images on film. This is obviously true.

Editing

We have more than twenty-five hours of film, almost all of it 16mm. Now we have to extract a film of normal length (1 ½ hours). It's not only a technical problem (the transformation of real time into cinematographic time, the new significance presented by images when edited, the type of editing to choose, etc.); it's also the problem of the meaning of the film. Anything is possible with our enormous corpus of multiple, uniform material.

Everything becomes complicated, and once again a three-sided crisis breaks out. Argos Films wants to have one "editor-in-chief" who will give the film an "incontestable technical and artistic quality." Rouch refuses the editors they propose and wants to choose the woman who edited his earlier films. Rouch can only work with people he chooses according to his affinity and compatibility. At the same time, Rouch announces that he has to go to Africa for two months; Argos opposes his departure, which would immobilize the editing. For my part, I want to work on the editing from a position of equality with Rouch, because I fear that the "How do you live?" sense of the film might disappear.

For Rouch, the guiding thread should be one or two "hero" characters in the film. He even suggests me as the hero of the film, off in search of the unfindable truth. General ideas bore him; what he is always interested in is the living detail, spontaneity. He wants to proceed by approximations, that is, by successive elimination of images until the normal duration is reached, just as he did in *La Pyramide humaine*. He does not want to feel bound in advance by any norm, any idea. On the contrary. On the other hand I feel that a large part of the richness of *La Pyramide humaine* was lost in the editing, to the benefit of the heroine, to the benefit of the plot. I value those themes I would like to see expressed.¹⁶

I don't have a real plan, but a sort of structure that I rediscover at every stage of the elaboration of the film. Thus, for example, at the end of July, Argos Films asked for a schema of the editing, as assurance that we were not simply filming at random. I improvised a text where the following themes were presented in succession: (1) monotony: shades of grey; (2) factory and office work; (3) the difficulties of living (loneliness and happiness); (4) love; (5) the sounds of the world in summer, 1960; (6) on the road again.

Later on, once the editing had begun, Rouch and I would be interviewed by *France Observateur*. This interview conveys our differences as well as our agreement, as evidenced in the following extract:

Question: What is the importance of the editing of this film, given that you have twenty-five hours of rushes?

JR: There's the crucial point! We are in conflict, Edgar and I—a temporary and fruitful conflict, I hope. My position is the following: The interest of this story is the film, it's the chronology and evolution of the people as a function of the film. The subject itself is not very interesting. It is difficult to bring together the testimonies, because they are often heterogeneous. There are people who cheat a little, others not at all. To bring together their testimonies would be to falsify the truth. I'll take a simple example: We asked people one question, among others: "What do you think of your work?" Most of these people said they were bored in their jobs. The reasons they give are very different: intellectual reasons, sentimental, physical reasons, etc. Bringing these reasons together, in my opinion, is less interesting than the individuals themselves and finding out the motives behind their responses. There are some marvelous contradictions in certain scenes of the film; sometimes people contradict themselves in a fantastic way. For example, Angélo, the worker who has been let go by Renault, is talking with Landry, the young African. Landry says to him:

16. In fact I felt the same anguish over the making of *Chronique* that I had earlier felt with *Moi, un noir* and *La Pyramide humaine*, that of amputation. This is, no doubt, the greatest stumbling block of all these improvised films, with no scenario or preplanned continuity: to reduce to one hour thirty minutes an enormous body of material whose value is its authenticity, that is, the length, the hesitations, the awkwardnesses. In a film shot in silence, like *Moi, un noir*, the problem is already difficult; in a film shot with direct sound, like *Pyramide* and *Chronique*, it's an incredible headache. I knew only one effective method of approach, successive approximations which alone allow us to "see" the film reduced to a human screening time. This was my greatest fear about having one editor-in-chief who would rethink the film.

"You're at Renault? . . . Ah, it's well known in Africa, the Renault Company! You don't see anything else . . . 1,000 kilos, Dauphines . . ."

And all of a sudden Angélo, before even replying, breaks into a smile and says:

"Oh yeah? You've heard of the Renault Company? . . ."

It's inimitable!

So from the point of view of editing, my idea is the following: with some rare exceptions it is almost impossible to upset the filming order. The people evolved in such a way that, if we want to become attached to them, it is necessary to show them as a function of their evolution. In fact the whole film was conceived that way. That's how I see the film. And that's why I center it on the summer: it begins in spring and ends in autumn. It's the evolution of a certain number of people throughout events which could have been essential but which were not. We thought in the spring that the summer of 1960 would be essential for France. It wasn't, but even with this sort of disappointment, this evolution is nonetheless, to my mind, the subject of the film.

So the editing that I am doing at present, which can, of course, be changed, is much more a chronological editing as a function of the filming than editing as a function of the subject or of the different subjects dealt with in the filming.

EM: I think that we must try to maintain in the editing a plurality. The great difficulty is that there are in fact many themes. What I would like is to concentrate this collective halo around the characters. In other words, I would not, in the end, like to see everything reduced to purely individual stories, but rather there should be a dimension, not so much of the crowd, but of the global problem of life in Paris, of civilization, and so forth.

What I would like is that at every moment we feel that the characters are neither "film heroes" as in ordinary cinema nor symbols as in a didactic film, but human beings who emerge from their collective life. What I would like is not to situate individualities as we see them in normal films—in classical, fictional narrative films—where there are characters and some story happens to those characters. I would like to talk about the individual characters in order to go on to a more general problem and then come back from the general problem to the individual.

This means doing a sort of cinéma-vérité which would overcome the fundamental opposition between fictional and documentary cinema. In fictional cinema, the private problems of individuals are dealt with: love, passion, anger, hatred; in documentary film until now only subjects external to the individual are dealt with: objects, machines, countrysides, social themes.

Jean and I agree at least on one point: that we must make a film that is totally authentic, as true as a documentary but with the same concepts as fictional film, that is, the contents of subjective life, of people's existence. In the end, this is what fascinates me.

Another thing that fascinates me on the theme of cinéma-vérité is not just reviving the ideas of Dziga Vertov or things of that genre, but—and this is what is really new, from the technical point of view, in what Jean has said—it is that cinéma-vérité can be an authentic talking cinema. It is perhaps the first time that we will really end up with a sketch of talking cinema. The words burst forth at the very moment when things are seen—which does not occur with postsynchronization.

JR: In the empty Halles, when Marceline is talking about her deportation, she speaks in rhythm with her step, she is influenced by the setting, and the way she is speaking is absolutely inimitable. With postsynchronization and the best artist in the world, you would never be able to achieve that unrelenting rhythm of someone walking in a place like that.

EM: In addition, it is a film where there are no fist fights, no revolver shots, not even any kisses, or hardly any. The action, in the end, is the word. Action is conveyed by dialogues, disputes, conversations. What interests me is not a documentary which shows appearances, but an active intervention to cut across appearances and extract from them their hidden or dormant truths.

JR: Another extraordinary thing which you've forgotten, and that's understandable, is the poetic discovery of things through the film. For example: a worker, Angélo, leaves the Renault factory, takes the bus to go home, and gets off at Petit-Clamart. To get to his house he has to climb up a stairway, an unbelievable stairway, and this ascent—after all it's only a worker on his way home—becomes a sort of poetic drama.

EM: Our common base is that neither one of us conceives of this film as merely sociological or merely ethnographic or merely aesthetic, but really like a total and diffuse thing which is at the same time a document, an experience lived by each person, and a research of their contact.

Rouch proposes to me an alternate method of working: he'll start on his own to make a preliminary selection of six to eight hours, head to tail, before he leaves for Africa in three weeks. Then he leaves me to edit during his three-week absence. And so on, from confrontation to confrontation, we will reach an agreement.

The Rouch-Dauman agreement on the editor-in-chief having not been achieved, we will work with Nina Baratier, who has been taking care of the film since August, assisted by Françoise Colin. Thus begins the first phase of editing.

Rouch comes up with a stringout of about seven hours. At the screening I see that many sequences which I consider essential have been eliminated and that others which seem uninteresting have been chosen. I feel as though everything is caving in. I, in turn, then take the editing, reestablish some of the eliminated sequences, and eliminate some of those which Rouch had retained, to end up with about four hours of screen time. Now Rouch is dissatisfied.

He takes over the editing, makes a four-hour version starting with the introduction of the characters, and follows the chronology of the film in their wake. The introductions are disappointing. I resume editing, and in a couple of days have a schema which starts with the "Are you happy?"s, follows the theme of work, political problems (Algeria, the Congo), personal life, to end up with a conclusion in which, in a few flash images, each of the characters expresses his revolt. The last image: Angélo fighting alone with a tree. The screening is disappointing. On the way we have made concessions to each other; Rouch reestablished some moments which were important for me, I did not cut some moments that he is fond of.

Finally we reach an agreement on a compromise of principles. Compromise: the film will not be a mosaic-type montage as I wanted it, made up of opposing sequences, sustained by the guiding theme "How do you live?", nor will it be a biographico-chronological montage like Rouch wanted. It will be something mixed, between the two. We agree on the fundamental sequences which I, for my part, would like to include almost in their entirety, without condensing them. I propose a compromise schema, abandoning the final montage on "resistance" and the ultimate symbol of Angélo fighting with the tree, and adopting the three-part chronological order: before vacation, the vacation, after vacation.

But by now the debate between Rouch and me is no longer taking place in private. Argos Films intervenes, sometimes mistrusting Rouch and wanting to oversee his work (which he refuses), at other times being enthusiastic over Rouch. According to these alternating attitudes, Rouch is either a clumsy *bricoleur* or an inspired improviser. Dauman gives me no credit for my capacities as neophyte editor but thinks at times that my contribution is efficient and at other times that I am an abstract theoretician who is massacring the film. Dauman is sometimes Rouchist, sometimes Morinist, quite often groans to see our combined incapacities, and is constantly railing against Nina Baratier. In the beginning Nina Baratier sides sometimes with Rouch and sometimes with me

when it comes to eliminating scenes she doesn't like or keeping ones she likes; in a second phase she thinks that Rouch and she deserve total confidence.

The successive versions were shown to different people, among whom Azar and Roger Leenhardt would play a significant role. Argos wants Azar to be the editor of the film, but Rouch, already at odds with me, wants to have a free hand. Azar formulates essentially the following remarks:

(1) What is extraordinary and unique for him are the moments when the faces in close-up express some emotion. The moment when happiness erupts on Marilou's face is one of the four moments in cinema which have most impressed him in his life. He also thinks that the high points of the film consist of Jean-Pierre's monologue and Marceline on August 15. Gabillon is moving. He doesn't like Angélo much; he finds him to be a ham.

(2) Next to these sections, everything which is "cinema" is not only secondary but risks killing the best parts. In any case, the section following the vacation segment is of no interest. The film should end on a strong beat, at the end of vacation. At the end of a dramatic progression, we should finish with Marceline on August 15 and Marilou happy.

Leenhardt's remarks are different. The film must be intelligible: from the start the subject should be clear, the problem plainly stated. In this sense he favors the introduction which Rouch is proposing, the beginning of our first dialogue with Marceline, where we reveal our purpose. There must also (and here Azar is going in the same direction) be a dialogue at the end of the film which conveys the authors' conclusions.

The experimental screenings also bring out the fact that our few critical spectators believe much more strongly in the truth of those scenes in which Rouch and I appear in front of the camera, participating in the dialogue with our characters. They feel that the scenes in which we do not appear, like the jetty at Saint Tropez, are "acted."

These remarks have some influence on us. We will maintain our presence in the picture, which we had earlier had a tendency to eliminate (except when Rouch was considering making me the "hero" of the film, off in search of the elusive grail). Rouch will retain his introduction (the first dialogue with Marceline) but immediately afterward will come the "Are you happy?" sequence. The conclusion will be our dialogue at the Musée de l'Homme (it is not until later that this will be replaced by a new dialogue filmed subsequently). Rouch will come around slowly to the idea of cutting the after-vacation, which satisfies me inasmuch as this gives more room for the trial runs, which will take a central position. As for me, I will slowly accept the reduction of the social-worker part and the suppression of any normative theme in the conclusion. We reach an agreement on an editing plan.

As Rouch has to leave for Africa for a while, and as Dauman demands an editor, Rouch chooses Ravel. For fifteen or twenty days Ravel works alone with Nina Baratier, following the plan which we have established together, but having a fair amount of freedom of composition. I will not intervene during this period except to insist on the need to make a quick edition in the "Are you happy?" sequence. Ravel therefore edits the first half hour of the film in the present order of succession (with the exception of the Landry-Angéolo dialogue, Angéolo's dismissal, and a few other modifications). Rouch and I will be satisfied.

Rouch comes back from Africa. He intervenes directly on the editing viewer and immediately orients Ravel on the montage of the vacation sequences. The editing speeds up, a copy must be ready for the Cannes festival, I defend my stand on the parts which I judge essential, like the Algeria discussion, the discussion on the Congo and racism. Algeria poses some particular difficulties: how to render the tumultuousness of this discussion and above all its dramatic character when we must cut the passages which might be dangerous for our young participants? How to avoid having the censors cut the scene completely? We also have many discussions about the vacation sequence, but I leave the bullfight to Rouch (I would have kept one minute or cut it entirely) and the little dialogue between Catherine and Landry about Saint Tropez. The scene of Marceline and Jean-Pierre on the jetty is edited in the conventional cinema style; it no doubt would have been better to show one long uninterrupted segment. Little by little the postvacation sequences are eliminated or are aired before the vacation. We go on to the mixing, and a copy is printed which is screened at Cannes.

This copy will not yet be the definitive version. The group discussion in the Studio Publicis is not yet included, and there are still a few postvacation episodes, like Angéolo's dismissal, Marilou's visit with her friend Jeanne, at home with her boyfriend, Marceline and Jean-Pierre waking up.

The Publicis discussion had been abandoned along the way. I was not particularly attached to it, Rouch having said that it was uneditable. But after Cannes, after a screening at the Musée de l'Homme and at UNESCO, we feel that the end of this film is weak.

For me the weakness begins at the moment when we get to Algeria; for Rouch it is only the end which needs work. He proposes to look at the screening of the Publicis discussion again, and we are finally in total agreement on this point. It is absolutely necessary. At the same time we eliminate the last postvacation element. A new discussion divides us on Marilou Happy, which I think has been sabotaged in the editing, and we reestablish in part what I ask for.

However, we cannot retain the Marilou-Jeanne scene, which probably brings nothing to the film but does show Marilou relaxed and cheerful. All we have left is to film a new conclusion, an improvised dialogue at the Musée de l'Homme after the screening of the Publicis discussion and taking into account (implicitly) the reactions of the first viewers. We are in the beginning of June 1961, one year after beginning "How do you live?" The film will definitely be called *Chronique d'un été* even though the title does not reflect the subject. But Argos has decided it. "How do you live?" is too TV, it seems. I leave for Chile on June 20. Finally we film a supplementary scene, a last dialogue between Rouch and me at the Musée de l'Homme. On this occasion we used a wireless microphone and therefore did not need to carry the shoulderbag tape recorder as we walked. We were told that this conclusion scene was necessary. The day before filming it we re-viewed the final sequence of the group discussion at the Studio Publicis. Rouch and Ravel finish editing the Studio Publicis part, the final discussion, and, with a few more modifications, they put the definitive version of the film in order.¹⁷

Post-Chronique

"Chronicle of a Summer" is finished. It is already slipping away from us. Lately we are free to add a postscript, for example, to take the unused film to make one or two supplementary films which could be shown in ciné-clubs. Or maybe we could establish a long version (four hours), again for the ciné-clubs or for private showings. Maybe we will do it, but the film is slipping away from us, that is to say, we must accept it as is.

As for me, I am divided between two contradictory feelings. On the one hand, I feel dissatisfaction in view of what I had ideally hoped for; on the other hand, I feel deep contentment at having lived this experience, adhering to the compromise which such an

17. I see that Edgar has slightly exaggerated the oppositions we faced in his chronicle of *Chronique*. "Co-authoring" is not simple teamwork where the two partners agree. It is a more violent game where disagreement is the only rule, and the solution lies in the resolution of this disagreement. It is also necessary for the arbiter (or the producer) to have an open enough mind to follow the game while sanctioning its only faults. Alas, a film producer, caught between patronizing intolerable artists and financial imperatives, cannot be impartial.

accomplishment presupposes. Without Rouch, the film would have been impossible for me, not only because it was Rouch's name which convinced the producer to try the adventure, but also and above all because his presence was indispensable for me, and there again not only from the technical point of view, but also from the personal point of view. Though intellectually I can distinguish what differentiates us, I cannot practically dissociate this curious pair we formed, like Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin, Erckman-Chatrian, or Roux-Combaluzier.

We must also express our gratitude to Anatole Dauman. Thanks to Argos Film, Rouch and I were able to carry out decisive experiments in our respective researches. It is thus impossible to dissociate the "Argonauts" from cinéma-vérité.

This film, which is slipping away from us, now appears before critics and viewers. It presents us once again with problems, indeed with new problems. These are not aesthetic problems but questions more directly related to life. Because, unlike other films, the spectator is not so much judging a work as judging other human beings, namely, Angélo, Marceline, Marilou, Jean-Pierre, me, Rouch. They judge us as human beings, but in addition they attach this moral or affective judgment to their aesthetic judgment. For example, if a spectator doesn't like one of us, he will find that person stupid, insincere, a ham; he'll reproach the character for being at the same time a bad actor and an unlikable individual. This confusion of levels at first upsets us but reassures us at the same time, because it expresses the weakness and the virtue of this film. It shows us that, no matter what, though we have been doing cinema, we have also done something else: we have overflowed the bounds of cinéma-spectacle, of cinéma-theater, while at the same time sounding the depths of its possibilities; we are also a part of this confused and jumbled thing called life.

This film is a hybrid, and this hybridness is as much the cause of its infirmity as of its interrogative virtue.

The first contradiction holds in the changeover from real time to cinematographic time. Of course the real time is not the total time, since we were not filming all the time. In other words, there was already a sort of selection in the filming; but the editing obliges us to make a selection, a more difficult composition, more traitorous. We choose the times which we find the most significant or the most powerful; of course, this theatricalizes life. On top of that, the close-up accentuates dramatization. In fact there is more tension in seeing close-ups of Marilou, Marceline, or Jean-Pierre than in being present in the scene itself, because the close-up of the face concentrates, captures, fascinates. But above all we realize that though the editing can improve everything that does not develop

through the length of the film, it also weakens and perverts the very substance of what happened in real time (the jetty at Saint Tropez, Marilou unhappy, or Marceline on August 15, for example). Additionally, the compromise that Rouch and I made on the characters works to their detriment. The viewer will not know them well enough and yet will arrive at a global judgment on their personalities; they are sufficiently (i.e., too) individualized to avoid such judgment. Thus Jean-Pierre, Marilou, Marceline, Angélo, Gabillon will be perceived globally by means of mere fragments of themselves.

These judgments, as in life, will be hasty, superficial, rash. I am amazed that what should inspire esteem for Jean-Pierre or Marilou, namely, their admission of egoism or egocentrism ("egoism" for Jean-Pierre; "I reduce everything to my own terms" for Marilou) will paradoxically produce a pejorative judgment of them. It seems we have underestimated the hypocritical reaction, and as a result I tell myself that the real comedy, the real hamming, the spectacle, takes place among the petty bourgeois who play at virtue, decency, health, and who pretend to give lessons in truth.

But I must not let myself follow that miserable downside of the human mind which always transfers blame to others. Errors in judgment of which the characters in the film are victims, are provoked because we both over- and underindividualized our characters; because certain tensions whose origins are unclear emerge in the course of the film; because there is a whole submerged dimension which will remain unknown to the public. Without intending to we have created a projective test. We have only provided a few pieces of a puzzle that is missing most of its parts. Thus each viewer reconstructs a whole as a function of his own projections and identifications.

As a result, while this film was intended to involve the viewer, it involves him in an unforeseen manner. I believed that the viewers would be involved if they asked themselves the question "How do you live?" In fact the reactions are more diverse, and this diversity is not just the diversity of aesthetic judgments; it is a diversity in *attitudes* toward others, toward truth, toward what one has the right to say, and what one should not say.

This diversity marks our failure as well as our success. Failure, because we did not come away with the sympathy of the majority, because, thinking we were clarifying human problems, we provoked misunderstandings, even obscuring reactions. Success, because to a certain degree Rouch and I gave these characters the chance to speak and because, to a certain degree, we gave the public a liberty of appreciation which is unusual in cinema. We did not merely play the divine role of authors who speak through the mouths of their characters and who show the public

the sentiments they should feel, their norms of good and bad. It is also because there is this relative freedom, and not only because we filmed under the least cinemalike conditions possible, that we have approached the cinema of life. But in approaching thus we have also approached all the confusion of life.

We have also modified the relationship between actor and spectator, which is like the relationship between an unseen God and a passive communicant. We have emerged from mystery, we have shown ourselves, present, fallible, men among others, and we have provoked the viewer to judge as a human being.

Whether or not we wanted it so, this film is a hybrid, a jumble, and all the errors of judgment have in common the desire to attach a label to this enterprise and to confront it with this label. The label "sociology": is this a film which (a) wants to be sociological, (b) is sociological? Those for whom sociology signifies a survey of public opinion on a cross-section sample of the population, that is to say, those who know nothing about sociology, say: we are being tricked, this isn't a sociological film, the authors are dishonest. But we have in no way presented this film under the label ethnographic or sociological. I also do not see why film critic Louis Marcorelles denounces my "false sociological pretenses." I never introduce myself as a sociologist, neither in the film nor in real life, and I have no prestige among sociologists. We have not once, to my knowledge, pronounced the word "sociology" in this film. Our banner has been "cinéma-vérité" and I'll get to that. Our enterprise is more diffuse, more broadly human.

Let's say in order to simplify things that we're talking about an enterprise that is both ethnographic and existential: ethnographic in the sense that we try to investigate that which seems to go without saying, that is, daily life; existential in that we knew that each person could be emotionally involved in this research. Any filmmaker could have posed the question "How do you live?", but we wanted this interrogation to be minimally sociological. This minimum is not just an opinion poll, which not only achieves only superficial results when dealing with profound problems, but also is totally inadequate for our enterprise. This minimum is first of all a preliminary reflection on the sociology of work and daily life. Next it is an attitude which is engraved in one of the fundamental lines of human sciences since Marx, Max Weber, and Freud. To simplify: for Marx it is crisis which is revealing, not normal states. For Max Weber, a situation is understood not by starting at a middle ground, but with extreme types (which Weber constructed theoretically by the method of utopic realization and which he named "ideal types"). For Freud, the abnormal reveals the normal as one exacerbates that which exists in the latent or camouflaged state of the other.

If a good part of the film's viewers refuse, reject, or expel from themselves what they consider a "pathological" case which is in no way representative or significant, this does not indicate an error in our method, but rather the difficulties involved in consciousness of certain fundamental givens of being human. The real question is not whether Marilou, Angélo, Marceline, and Jean-Pierre are rare or exceptional cases, but whether or not they raise profound and general problems, such as job alienation, the difficulty of living, loneliness, the search for faith. The question is to know whether the film poses fundamental questions, subjective and objective, which concern life in our society.

Psychoanalysis, therapy, modesty, risk: I have written that in certain conditions the eye of the camera is psychoanalytical; it looks into the soul. Critics have reproached us for doing false psychoanalysis, that is, of knowing nothing about psychoanalysis. Here we are dealing with a myth of psychoanalysis, just as there is a myth of sociology. Psychoanalysis is a profession and a doctrine with multiple tendencies, all strongly structured. Our venture is foreign to psychoanalysis understood in its professional and structured sense but does go in the direction of the ideas which psychoanalysis has helped to bring into focus. Otherwise, we have gambled on the possibility of using cinema as a means of communication, and the therapeutic idea of our plan is that all communication can be liberation. Of course I was aware, and am even more aware since the film has been screened, of all the difficulties of communication, the boomerang risks of malevolent interpretations or of scornful indifference; I know that those I wanted recognized were sometimes disregarded. I know that if I were to do it again, I would do it differently, but I also know that I would do it. And I reaffirm this principle: things which are hidden, held back, silenced, must be spoken; J. J. Rousseau is worth more than Father Dupanloup; *Lady Chatterly's Lover* is worth more than the censure which prohibited it. We suffer more from silencing the essential than from speaking.

The need to communicate is one of the greatest needs which ferments in our society; the individual is atomized in what Riesman has called "the lonely crowd." In this film there is an examination of stray, clumsy communication, which our censors have called exhibitionism or shamelessness. But where is the shame? Certainly not in those who make themselves the crude and ostentatious spokesmen of shame: shame does not have such impudence.

But finally one question is asked: Do we have the right to drag people into such an enterprise? I will answer that it is first a matter of characterizing this enterprise, that is to say, the risks it involves. Is it an enterprise of vivisection or poisoned psychoanalysis? Or is it, on the contrary, a game of no importance?

Does it involve the same sort of risks as taking passengers in a car on vacation roads or leading an expedition into a virgin forest? How can they judge the harmful consequences, those who know neither Marilou, Angélo, nor the others? Having thought it all out, I'd say that the greatest risk depends on those who criticize Angélo, Marilou, etc.; that is to say, their inability to love them. Of course we exposed Angélo, Marilou, Marceline, and Jean-Pierre to this risk because we overestimated the possibilities of friendship. But even in the case of Marilou and of Jean-Pierre, unknown friends are born to them.

In the end, anyone who lives with a woman, has children, recruits adherents to his party, whoever lives and undertakes anything makes others take risks. Each of us risks the destiny of others in the name of their interests and their morals. The ultimate problem is that of each of our own morals.

Bourgeois or revolutionary film? This film is infrapolitical and infrareligious. There is a whole zone left unexplored by the film. If we had been believers we would not have neglected belief. On the political level the question is different. We did not want, for example, to present the worker problem at the level of political or union affiliations or of salary claims, because conditions of industrial work should be questioned at a deeper, more radical level. Taking into account this infrapoliticism, we were the only ones in filmmaking to question the war in Algeria and to thus attack the central political problem of the hour.

It was possible to judge this film variously reactionary or revolutionary, bourgeois or leftist. I don't want to get dragged into defining right now what I understand by reactionary, bourgeois, left; nor to polemicize with those who find the film reactionary. I would say only that the meaning of the film is clear if one conceives of it as contesting both the reigning values of bourgeois society and Stalinist or pseudoprogressive stereotypes.

Optimism? Pessimism?

It is true that Rouch was naturally carried toward what is cheerful and light and that he was the spokesman of "life is beautiful," while I was naturally carried toward what is sad or sorrowful. The reason for my quest to approach the difficulties of living is not just that happy people have no story to tell, but also because there are fundamental problems which are tragic, ponderous, and which must be considered. But to confront these problems is not to despair. What disheartens me, on the contrary, is that everyone who is not subjected to the piecemeal without responsibility or initiative, that is, typical of the laborer or the civil servant, readily takes it for granted.

What disheartens me are those people resigned to the artificial, shabby, frivolous life which is given to them well defined. What disheartens me are those who make themselves comfortable in a world where Marceline, Marilou, Jean-Pierre, and Angélo are not happy.

That these may be "my" problems, that my problems should have taken form in this film (at least in an elementary fashion), does not mean that they cease to exist independently of me. That I may have difficulties in life, that I may not really be able to adapt, this does not necessarily mean that I cannot step outside of myself; it may also sensitize me to the problems of others. In any case I drew two "optimistic" lessons from this experience. First, an increased faith in adolescent virtues: denial, struggle, and seeking. In other words, Angélo, Jean-Pierre, Marilou, and Marceline have inspired me to resist the bourgeois life. The second is the conviction that every time it is possible to speak to someone about essential things, consciousness is awakened, man awakens. Everyone, the man in the street, the unknown, hides within himself a poet, a philosopher, a child. In other words, I believe more than ever that we must relentlessly deal with the person, denying something in the person, revealing something in the person.

Cinéma-Vérité?

Finally we come to the problem of cinéma-vérité. How do we dare speak of a truth that has been chosen, edited, provoked, oriented, deformed? Where is the truth? Here again the confusion comes from those who take the term cinéma-vérité as an affirmation, a guarantee sticker, and not as a research.

Cinéma-vérité: this means that we wanted to eliminate fiction and get closer to life. This means that we wanted to situate ourselves in a lineage dominated by Flaherty and Dziga Vertov. Of course this term cinéma-vérité is daring, pretentious; of course there is a profound truth in works of fiction as well as in myths. At the end of the film the difficulties of truth, which had not been a problem in the beginning, became apparent to me. In other words, I thought that we would start from a basis of truth and that an even greater truth would develop. Now I realize that if we achieved anything, it was to present the problem of the truth. We wanted to get away from comedy, from spectacles, to enter into direct contact with life. But life itself is also a comedy, a spectacle. Better (or worse) yet: each person can only express himself through a mask, and the mask, as in Greek tragedy, both disguises and reveals, becomes the speaker. In the course of the dialogues each one was able to be more real than in daily life but at the same time more false.

Jean Rouch during the
filming of *La Chasse au
lion à l'arc*, in Africa, 1957



Jean Rouch recording
sound at the Renault
factory, for *Chronique*,
1960



The Cinema of the Future?

Jean Rouch



Jean Rouch filming *Babatou* in Africa, 1977

Making a film is such a personal thing for me that the only implicit techniques are the very techniques of cinematography; sight and sound recording, editing the images and recordings. It is also very difficult for me to talk about it and, above all, to write about it. I have never written anything before starting a film, and when, for administrative or financial reasons, I've been obligated to compose a scenario, some continuity plans, or a synopsis, I have never ended up making the corresponding film.

A film is an idea, flashing out or slowly elaborated, but one which cannot be escaped, whose expression can only be cinematographic. On the road from Accra to Abidjan, the sun plays in the leaves of the trees, kilometers follow upon miles, corrugated iron replaces the meandering asphalt. I've passed by here twenty times. I am driving; next to me someone has fallen asleep. And so, in the ever-changing, ever-renewed scenery, other scenes appear, other characters. Thus in a few hours of fatigue and dust I have seen and heard a draft of *La Pyramide humaine* which is much more like the film finally realized than any "plans" I might have written.

Or else it's in a bar, in Treichville, a Sunday night; a friend and I have wandered in, in pursuit of the splendid festivities only the people of these parts know how to put on, in the middle of the sordid streets, in the middle of the slums. The contrast between the ephemeral Sunday gaiety and the daily misfortune is so strong that I know it will haunt me until the very moment when I am able to express it. How? Go out of this bar and shout in the streets? Write a general book for the public on this investigation we are now doing on the migrations in Ivory Coast and which, otherwise, if it ever sees the light of day, will only interest a few specialists? The only solution was to make a film about it, where it would not be me crying out my joy or my revolt, but one of these people for whom Treichville was both heaven and hell. So in this bar ambience on a lugubrious evening in January 1957, *Moi, un noir* appeared to me as a necessity.

And all the other films, coming upon me suddenly, on the roads of Africa or on the rivers, baptized in that strange contact with the countryside or climates, where the lone voyager discovers what he was looking for with such insistence, that dialogue with himself, with his own dreams, that faculty of "intimate distance" with the world and with mankind, that faculty which anthropologists and poets know so well and which allowed me to be both "entomologist" observer and friend of the *Maîtres fous*, the game leader and primary spectator of *Jaguar*, but always on the condition that I not determine the limits of the game whose only rule is to film when you and the others really feel like it.

The camera (and for a few years now the tape recorder) have thus become indispensable tools for me, as indispensable as a note pad and pencil, each having its specialty, its time for use, its limit (I spent several months without filming anything in Africa, because nothing was happening, then one day either something "happened" or else I was unable to escape certain ideas which I had to express).

This almost insurmountable difficulty which I have verbally expressing what a film will be before it is made is without doubt, the cruelest of trials for those around me and those who collaborate with me. Each time I have found myself in these situations, conflicts have exploded, and I have not known how to stop them, caught between the desire to remain faithful (perhaps too superstitiously) to a method which has proved itself and the desire not to play the tyrant with collaborators who were and could be nothing other than friends. And each time I recommenced the same impossible dialogue between the incommunicable and those to whom I had to communicate it. So as an introduction to *Chronique* I don't know how to do anything here but to set up a sort of ledger of a certain cinema that one could call ethnographic.

It may seem presumptuous to write about an experience which is not yet finished, an experience which is still in progress, but I think it is necessary to make the point. In fact ethnographic cinema was born at the same time as the cinema with Marey's chronophotographic rifle, among whose first users was an anthropologist, Dr. Regnault, who used it to study the comparative behavior of Europeans and Africans.

After this the cinema was directed along other routes, and it is certain that documentary film remained, in spite of everything, a separate category. I must here salute the father of ethnographic cinema, Robert Flaherty, who made the first ethnographic film in the world, *Nanook of the North*, in extremely difficult conditions. Thus at the very beginning, Flaherty undertook an endeavor which was not, unfortunately, much followed thereafter. He thought that to film men who belong to a foreign culture, it was first necessary to get to know them. He therefore spent a year at Hudson's Bay among the Eskimos before filming them. He also experimented with something which we are only beginning to apply methodically: showing the finished film to those who appear in it. At that time laboratory work was an extremely delicate process. Flaherty did not hesitate to build a laboratory right in his little cabin by Hudson's Bay, where he developed his own films. According to his own account, he dried them by running in the wind. As he did not have a sufficient source of light (at that time copies required a considerable light source), he pierced a hole in the wall of his cabin and used sunlight to print copies of the film. Thus he was able to project the first version

of *Nanook of the North* for Nanook and his family. But this first version was seen by no one else because, as you may know, a fire ravaged the cabin and the film was completely destroyed. At that time, Flaherty was an engineer-geologist. He did not hesitate to start over (he was of Irish origin and therefore particularly tenacious), and with backing from Révillon furs, he was able to set up another experiment and realize for the second time the *Nanook of the North* with which we are familiar today. Five years later, Flaherty made *Moana of the South Seas*. *Nanook* had been a considerable commercial success, and Flaherty found himself encouraged by American production companies to go make a film in the South Pacific. He went to the Samoan Islands, spent a year there without filming, and, at the end of a year, having learned the language, he began to film the daily life of the inhabitants of the Samoan Islands. He applied the same method: he developed the films on the spot, edited them, and then showed them to the people he had filmed, as they were developed. *Moana*, unlike *Nanook*, was an absolutely complete commercial failure, and most of Flaherty's later films had only modest commercial success. Flaherty died a couple of years ago on an extremely modest small farm in Vermont where his wife, Frances, still lives. At the time of his death he was preparing for a film expedition to sub-Saharan Africa.

During the same period, the 1920s, another team of enthusiastic filmmakers was trying to use the camera to the limits of its possibilities in the Soviet Union. This was Dziga Vertov's group, and sometime around 1929 they wrote a manifesto: "the camera-eye." The camera was an eye, a new eye open on the world, which allowed anything to be seen. Dziga Vertov's endeavors were severely condemned by the Soviet Union at that time, but his films nonetheless spread throughout the entire world. They carried a new banner: *kino-pravda*, or "cinéma-vérité." It was an absolutely crazy endeavor, but a fascinating experiment, and Vertov's film *The Man with a Movie Camera* will remain the first attempt to put the camera in the street, to make the camera the principal actor, the object of this new cult of total cinema where the knicker-clad priest is the cameraman.

Some people thought this experiment was a failure because the people in the street looked at the camera, because the camera was a far too heavy object, and because simultaneous film sound was not yet invented. Georges Sadoul recently told me that Vertov had foreseen, in his unpublished manuscripts, the possibility of recording synchronous sound with the arrival of talking movies. This would open a new chapter of the "ciné-eye,"; the "ciné-eye-and-ear." This is in fact what we are trying today.

I must add a third master to this preamble. During the same period, in France, Jean Vigo was also trying to use the free camera to simply show the behavior of his contemporaries through their culture in his film *À propos de Nice*.

Out of these three efforts ethnographic cinema was born. But this birth was difficult. Once the technique had progressed, cinema was divided in two branches. On the one side, under the influence of Flaherty, and in spite of him, "exotic" cinema was born, a cinema based on the sensational and on the foreignness of foreign people, a racist cinema which was ignorant of itself. On the other side, that of ethnography, under the impetus of Marcel Mauss, cinema was engaged in an equally strange course, that of the total research investigation. Mauss recommended to his students that they use the camera to record everything that went on around them. They should not move it, it was a sure witness and it was only by shooting these films that one could study certain gestures, behaviors, and techniques. During this period Marcel Griaule nonetheless brought back from Dogon the first French ethnographic films, followed by those of P. O'Reilly, oceanographer and cinematographer. Unfortunately, the war interrupted these projects, and it was not until after the war that there was a new evolution.

It was a revolution, the revolution of 16mm. During the war, news cameramen used 16mm cameras with great success, and their films could then be enlarged to standard format 35mm. From that point on, the camera was no longer that cumbersome object which Vertov's friends could not parade in the streets without its being noticed. It became a small tool, as easy to manage as a Leica, or as a pen, to recall the model of the "prophet" Alexandre Astruc. The use of color also permitted the filmmaker to stop worrying about questions of lighting: no matter what angle on the shot, with color, all shot perspectives came out right.

At this time a certain number of young ethnologists decided to use the camera, and, strangely enough, at the same moment in France, in Belgium, in the United States, in Great Britain, and in Switzerland, these ethnologists all had the same idea in mind: to capture the most authentic images possible, while respecting the rules of cinematographic language. It was thus noticed that there was little difference between ethnography and cinema. I have stressed this countless times: when the filmmaker records on film the actions or deeds which surround him, he behaves just like an ethnologist who records his observations in a notebook; when he then edits the film, he is like an ethnologist editing his report; when he distributes his film, he does the same as the ethnologist who gives his book to be published and distributed. Here there are very similar techniques, and ethnographic film has

truly found its course in them. The possibility of easily recording sound also brought a new element. Around 1949, manufacturers were perfecting autonomous tape recorders, allowing, in principle, for an ethnographer to portably record image and sound.

In France, at the Musée de l'Homme, my colleague Roger Morillère has been giving a course in cinematographic initiation to students in ethnology for the past ten years. Sound-cinema has become one of the techniques taught to future researchers just as they are taught to study kinship or prehistory, or to collect objects. Already we have successes which must be hailed: the French films of Morillère, of Monique Gessain, of Father Pairaut, of Igor de Garine, of Daribehaude, of Guy le Moal; the Belgian films of Luc de Heusch, the Swiss films of Henri Brandt, the Canadian films of the marvelous team of the National Film Board, the American films of Marshall and Gardner, the films of the Italian sociological school, etc.

It must be said with a certain pride that these films made on a miniscule budget (an ethnographic film in 16mm costs 1½ million old francs and 200,000 francs in the filming) nonetheless succeeded in having an influence on two levels. On the level of ethnography itself, I remember that in the beginning, when my friends and I had just started to handle the cameras, where here or in Belgium or in Switzerland or in Great Britain or in the United States, a certain number of classical ethnologists felt as though we had introduced a "magic lantern" into our discipline, a sort of toy, and that film could at best serve to illustrate lectures or seminar talks. But by making films we showed the skeptics that the cinema was an irreplaceable tool of inquiry, not only for its ability to reproduce indefinitely what had been observed, but also in rediscovering the old Flaherty technique, for the possibility of screening the reported document for the people who had been observed, and to study their behavior in the images with them.

At the level of commercial cinema, our influence was also important. First of all, we were responsible for the decline of a certain number of cinematographic enterprises which were monumental swindles, such as those of the "Lost Continent" series, "Green Magic," Walt Disney films, etc. I think that this purge was very efficient because no one has the right to exploit lies in order to make money. One might say that cinema is an art of lying, but then it should be made clear: it's fine to make a "Tarzan" series (I like Tarzan films quite a bit) without claiming to make a documentary film.

But there is another effect: we have indirectly contributed to the birth of what has been called in France the "Nouvelle Vague." What was going on in the nouvelle vague? It was almost entirely a question of the economic liberation of commercial cinema and of the traditional norms of the cinematographic industry. We had predecessors in this domain. Melville, for example, was able to shoot *The Silence of the Sea* by using expired film stock. In fact, around 1949-50, it was impossible to shoot a film in 35mm without having a filming authorization, without having a minimum crew, without having a permit to purchase the film. To make a film at that time required a budget of around sixty to one hundred million old francs. We showed that with ridiculously small means we could make films which were perhaps not of an extraordinary class, nor of remarkable quality, but which cost infinitely less.

To give you an example, a film like *Moi, un noir* came to about four hundred thousand francs in the filming. The interest in this technique of 16mm enlarged in color was that it permitted a two-stage financing. You make a 16mm film. If it is no good, you have only lost one half million. If it is good, there is still time to invest money in enlarging it, and you then know what you are investing money in and what you are taking a risk on.

But in all of this something was lacking: direct synchronous sound recording.

We were working on this problem, in France and abroad, for a great many years, and it seemed insoluble for two reasons. The first was the need to film synchronous sound in the studio because the microphones are sensitive to wind, to atmospheric conditions, and to outside noises. The second was the weight of the equipment. With 16mm we were freed of the weight problem, but the camera made a noise like a coffee grinder, and it was impossible to film and record sound at the same time. For example, in *La Pyramide humaine* we used a "blimped" 16mm camera, enclosed in an enormous case weighing about forty kilos, and we did as many sound and picture takes as possible indoors so as to avoid the outside noises. When we were in Abidjan I remember well that all we had to do was start shooting a scene for a truck to pass 100 meters away and for the sound engineer to shout "Stop! This is impossible!" We did, however, find a system: the camera was set on a tripod at an equal distance from the principal protagonists, and when a dialogue started we did not interrupt the filming but simply asked the actors to wait until the camera was on them before responding to the question or statement pronounced by another, but this staticness itself was paralyzing.

During this same period in Canada and in the United States people sought the solution to the same problem. Last year in August this solution appeared in three countries at the same time: in Canada, in the United States, and in France.

In France the inventor André Coutant specialized in building lightweight cameras for rocket flights. He had the idea of using one of these light electric cameras to make a soundproof camera. He presented us with a prototype of a camera which was not yet perfectly soundproof but which weighed 1.5 kilos, which had a 120m magazine (ten minutes of autonomy), and which, thanks to a housing constructed by my friends Morillère and Boucher, made little enough noise to be used outside, even very close to a microphone. Our friend Michel Brault, a Canadian cameraman, came to Paris at that time and brought the small, clip-on lavalière microphones used by Canadian and American television. These microphones are not visible. We had resolved Dziga Vertov's problem: we were able, with the camera housing, to walk around anywhere, to film with synchronous sound in the subway, in a bus, in the street. Michel Brault also brought us a technique which he had perfected some time earlier in Canada: the walking camera. He had been practicing for a year to walk forward, backward, and sideways so well that the camera in his hands became absolutely mobile. Another advantage: the camera in its housing was miniscule. We could film in the middle of the street and no one knew we were shooting except the technicians and the actors: this is how *Chronique d'un été* was technically possible.

From this point on, ethnologists and sociologists will be able to go to any part of the world and bring back images such as have never before been seen, images in which there will be this complete union of sound and image, of action, of setting, and of language. We have at our disposal a fantastic tool in perpetual progress (wireless microphones, cameras with automatic focus and aperture setting, etc.).

For the moment (I am, of course, addressing ethnographers now) we must be able to use it as rapidly as possible before certain manifestations of threatened cultures have completely disappeared. Thus I think it is necessary to accentuate our effort. It will be necessary at this school directed by Morillère at the Musée de l'Homme for us to train ethnographers and perhaps even filmmakers, in order to teach them these new cinema techniques.

Where are we going? I must admit that I have no idea. But I think that from now on, right next to industrial and commercial cinema and intimately linked to the latter, there exists a "certain cinema" which is above all art and research.¹⁸



From Jean Rouch's *La Pyramide humaine*. At left is Nadine, who later appeared in *Chronique* and other Rouch films.

I have said very little about *Chronique d'un été* in this essay, leaving this task to Edgar Morin, whose meticulous testimony could only be done by him, because, returning to what I said at the beginning, the film is a means of total expression for me, and I do not see the necessity for me to write before, during, or after filming.

18. The "certain cinema" that Rouch speaks of is elaborated in detail in two of his later articles: *The Camera and Man*, *Studies in the Anthropology of Visual Communication*, 1(1):37-44, 1974; *On the vicissitudes of the self: the possessed dancer, the magician, the sorcerer, the ethnographer, and the filmmaker*, *Studies in the Anthropology of Visual Communication* 5(1):2-8, 1978.—Ed.



Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin at Saint Tropez; in the background are Jean-Pierre, Marceline, and Landry

Jean Rouch films his longtime collaborators Damouré and Lam for *Petit à petit*, 1969





Jean Rouch filming a divination for the *Sigui*, in Mali with the Dogon, 1971

"Chronicle of a Summer": The Film

NOTE: We have the good fortune to be able to publish in this volume the text of the dialogue from several important scenes of "Chronicle of a Summer" which do not figure in the version of the film shown in theaters. These scenes have been incorporated in the present volume where they fit in quite naturally. To distinguish them from the dialogue of the film, they are printed in italics and set off by a line of asterisks.¹⁹

Introduction

The film opens with views of Paris and its industrial suburbs, at the end of a summer night. Factory smokestacks. The sound of sirens. Day breaks. The crowd of workers and employees headed for work surges from every subway exit. Titles. Off-screen is heard the voice of

JR: This film was not played by actors, but lived by men and women who have given a few moments of their lives to a new experiment in cinéma-vérité.²⁰

Marceline

A dining room. The end of a meal. Behind the partially cleared table Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch are seated on either side of Marceline.

JR: You see, Morin, the idea of gathering people around a table is an excellent idea. Only I don't know if we'll manage to record a conversation that's as normal as it would be if the camera wasn't present. For example, I don't know if Marceline will be able to relax, will be able to talk absolutely normally.

Marceline turns to Morin.

EM: We've got to try.

MARCELINE: I think I'm going to have some difficulty.

JR: Why?

MARCELINE: Because I'm a bit intimidated.

JR: You're intimidated by what?

MARCELINE: I'm intimidated because . . . at a given moment I have to be ready and, well, I'm not, really, I guess . . .

JR: At this moment you're not intimidated.

MARCELINE: No, right now I'm not.

JR: Okay, so you're not intimidated now. What we're asking of you, with great trickery, Morin and I, is simply to talk, to answer our questions. And if you say anything you don't like, there's always time to cut . . .

MARCELINE: Yeah.

JR: You don't need to feel intimidated.

MARCELINE: Yeah, but I'm less now than I was a couple of minutes ago because I wasn't attacked head-on, I guess . . .

She laughs. Jean Rouch laughs, pointing to Morin.

JR: It's this ruffian. Okay then, go ahead Morin, attack!

EM: Okay, I'll attack anyway. You don't know what questions we're going to ask you. We ourselves don't even know too precisely. What Rouch and I want to do is a film on the following idea: How do you live? How do you live? We start with you and then we're going to ask other people. How do you live? That means how do you get by in life? We're starting with you because you are going to play an integral role in our enterprise, in our film, and because we have to start somewhere . . .

EM: *Listen, Marceline, it's impossible to see you without noticing a number tattooed on your arm. It means that you have lived through what may be the worst trial a human being has endured. And I remember that not long ago you and I saw a film called l'Etoile. It was a story about deported people, and I know that you were terribly upset by the film.*

MARCELINE: Yes, for sure . . . I was particularly upset by that film because it happens that I saw it at a given moment, but now I realize that I relive with incredible clarity old images of Auschwitz . . . and I have no idea why . . . I don't know what the period I'm living at this moment corresponds to. I don't know, for example, I can forget it for a while, or live with it, but without thinking much about it, because I think . . . well I couldn't go on living if I was always thinking about it. There was a whole period in my life when I was really obsessed . . .

19. The filmscript has been modified additionally to conform to the English subtitled print of the film in U.S. distribution.—Ed.

20. The English subtitled print of the film translates "cinéma-vérité" as "filming the truth." The essays by Morin and Rouch place this term in the historical and theoretical perspective necessary to understand why that is not what the experiment was seeking.—Ed.

in my daily life as well as in my sleep because it was almost unbearable. And at this moment . . . I don't know . . . I don't have the words to explain.

EM: *Listen, Marceline. We don't want to question you about this deportation. It's about the fact that you were deported when you were quite young.*

MARCELINE: *Yes.*

EM: *You were fourteen and you never turned fifteen . . . you never lived as a fifteen year old like everyone else. Deep down, this fact has had an effect on you, when you first came back among us and maybe even still today. You say that today you're in a crisis period where these images are more vivid than at other moments.*

MARCELINE: *Yeah.*

EM: *But we'd like to know how, not only in this particular crisis, but how you've managed to live in this normal world after coming out of that world of madness.*

MARCELINE: *Well . . .*

JR: *Marceline, go ahead and tell us about your present life, what you do, etc.*

MARCELINE: *Well, I live . . . I don't know . . . I live sort of in disorder, I guess . . .*

Close-up of Marceline, then of Rouch.

JR: *What do you do all day? For example, when you get up in the morning, what do you do?*

Close-up of Marceline.

MARCELINE: *Usually I work.*

JR (off-screen): *What sort of work?*

MARCELINE: *I do psycho-sociological surveys for an applied social psychology firm. I do interviews, analyze the interviews, and eventually write up summaries of them. Which takes up quite a bit of time, I think.*

JR: *Is it interesting?*

MARCELINE: *No, not a bit.*

JR: *So why do you do it?*

MARCELINE: *I do it because . . . I've got to live, I've got to feed myself, house myself, it's so . . . those are the only reasons I do it. And then it happens that, the fact that . . . at least I think partly because of my past . . . the fact that when I came back from being deported I found myself quite alone in life . . . I didn't have the chance to do what I wanted to do . . . at least to have some direction.*

JR: *What would you have liked to do?*

MARCELINE: *I don't know, I have no idea. Deep down I think I could have had some desire of . . . no, I think not . . . I think I'd be lying . . . I mean, I think . . . I think that . . . I mean, I think maybe there is a certain instability in me and anyway the past has made any readaptation pretty difficult.*

EM: *Marceline, you do surveys, you have a little tape recorder over your shoulder and you go interview people, for this company or that company, and then, when you're not doing surveys you can often be found in a café called the Old Navy.*

MARCELINE: *That's right.*

EM: *When you have time to kill, when you're alone, you go to the Old Navy?*

MARCELINE: *Yes.*

EM: *That café on the Boulevard St. Germain?*

MARCELINE: *Yes.*

EM: *What do you find there?*

MARCELINE: *What I find there, well, it's pretty difficult to explain because basically, I think it's a place where people go partly for . . . I don't know how to tell you, it's a place where I go when I'm alone, or when I don't want to be alone . . . I know I'll find people I know there; it's a kind of haven, a refuge, a discussion ground . . . I mean, when I go to the Old Navy like some evening when I have nothing to do, I'm pretty much assured that I will not eat alone, maybe I won't go home alone. I don't know, but maybe I'll go to the movies too, maybe I'll do something.*

EM: *It seems to me that you are very scared of being alone, and there's one thing that strikes me, that you know loads of people, a lot more people than, than people who know a lot of people know . . . and I think that's . . . this has some meaning, doesn't it?*

MARCELINE: *Yes, I think it must have some meaning. I think I must need to be surrounded like that, and more than that I like people a lot, I like to see them, I like to be with them. You say I know a lot of people . . . yes, I know a lot, because, . . . I've been hanging around St. Germain for fifteen years more or less . . . well, let's not say fifteen because I came back from deportation in '45 . . . I must have started in '46 or '47, so, of course, I mean, naturally I've known tons of people.*

JR: *You say you know tons of people. Do you have many real friends?*

MARCELINE: *No. I have really very few friends. I mean I must have one or two and that's it.*

JR: *But Marceline, aren't the people at the Old Navy all just like you?*

MARCELINE: *Yeah, I think so . . . well . . . more or less.*

JR: *Basically it's a society of loners?*

MARCELINE: *That's right. It's a society of loners and of people who don't fit in. And in general I must say that some of the people there are much younger than I am, of course, . . . because some are students, some are actors, etc. So I must say that I am one of the—at least at the Old Navy anyway—maybe not in other bistros in St. Germain des Prés—I'm one . . . I mean probably . . . I mean it sounds stupid to say this but, well . . . I'm one of the oldest . . . (she laughs).*

EM: *No, but I'm going to ask you a very indiscrete question . . . it's your attitude toward men . . .*

MARCELINE: *My attitude toward men?*

EM: *Yes.*

MARCELINE: *What is my attitude toward men in general?*

EM: *Yes.*

MARCELINE: *I've known a lot of them, I've never found one (laughter) so I think I've given up searching (laughter).*

EM: *You were searching?*

MARCELINE: *When I was younger, yes.*

EM: *You aren't searching anymore?*

MARCELINE: *Oh, there's always the desire deep within me to find someone maybe, but I think my many experiences have scarred me a bit, and even if I have trouble . . . I mean I think that in getting older I've become less absolute, less exclusive, less possessive, less demanding, less intransigent, so maybe I could be content some time to accept living with someone who doesn't bother me too much, who desires me, who gives me breathing room . . . but at the same time the men I could . . . I don't know . . . I could live with are already all married . . . so . . . I'm old so it's difficult.*

EM: *That is to say, you're thirty-two.*

MARCELINE: *Yes, I'm thirty-two. But at thirty-two, well, I don't know . . . men between thirty-five and forty are all married off so . . . so my attitude with men . . . well, I think it's the attitude of a woman . . . I mean . . . I meet a man I like, well I certainly sleep with him, but I've become much more picky with age too, so I sleep with them less often. (laughter)*

EM: *What are you looking for?*

MARCELINE: *Well, you certainly ask it brutally . . . what I am looking for . . . I have no idea what I'm looking for, I just want to live life, that's all.*

EM: *You live from day to day?*

MARCELINE: *Ah, yes, that's it, . . . I even live for the instant. (laugh)*

EM: *Would you like to live any other way?*

MARCELINE: *But when I was younger I think that . . . I mean for a long time I thought that . . . yes, that's it I think . . . for a long time I thought that a man could help me live, could help me somehow to*

overcome my past, and then now I begin to not believe that so much. Inasmuch as, of course, given the places I frequent . . . given that the people I meet are all more or less neurotic so . . . the only man I had in my life who wasn't my husband . . . I stayed with him for eight months . . . then I left. I absolutely could not live . . . he made me sweat.

EM: *Why?*

MARCELINE: *He annoyed me because . . . first of all our lives . . . really we had no affinity . . . we had no common desires . . . everything he wanted I found laughable . . . success, a career in Madagascar . . . things like that . . . I couldn't give a damn . . . I mean I wasn't interested. And then when I first met my husband I had just come out of a serious nervous depression . . . I mean, it was my first nervous depression . . . in fact the only one I had, it was several years after I returned from deportation, I was just back from the sanatorium . . . so I had had this nervous depression. Then I met this big young engineer who built dams and who looked at the soft blue line of the mountains like that, who thirsted for the vast horizon. He was nevertheless extremely kind, extremely nice, and then, since I was small, he confined me to a role as a little girl that I absolutely could not accept. Uh . . . the word "Jew" had no meaning for him . . . he had absolutely no understanding . . . the war he spent in high school or with some boy scout troop, so really we were not similar. So I left, I left him after eight months because I was bored, it's not so much that I was bored with him as . . . basically we didn't understand each other. With that I think he'll meet a girl who will suit him fine, but not me. And I was inevitably drawn back to the Old Navy. I rediscovered the Old Navy, I rediscovered St. Germain . . . well of course I had an extremely hard time because he had cut off my supplies, so starting then I really began to work . . . I've . . . in fact that's sort of how I learned my current profession, I don't know, I ended up in a joint where they paid me 100 francs an hour to transcribe diagrams, studies, and so, fine, so I was paid 100 francs an hour and then there was no more work, so I started to mimeograph reports, and then I read some kind of investigation reports, things like that, and then when there was . . . the day when there were no more reports to duplicate, they kicked me out . . . there was no more work, so I was . . . out of sheer nerve I went to see the head of the psychology service, then I said that . . . that it didn't seem so difficult to me, that stuff, that I could surely do it, so he said "Diplomas, no diplomas," then he said I seemed too timid. I must admit that physically I was very different . . .*

now I'm a bit aggressive what with the red hair, whereas back then I had my hair pulled back, no makeup . . . , I was a poor little ragamuffin wandering around the streets . . . I begged him to take me on anyway . . . I told him I didn't care whether I was paid 100 francs an hour but that he had to try me, he had no right to refuse me. So he tried me and it worked out very well and there it is, that's how I learned this job after being a waitress in a milk bar, after typing manuscripts, after doing loads of things, anything to make a living.

EM: Do you want to get out of that or do you want it to keep on?

MARCELINE: I think that no matter what I do in life, even if . . . I don't know, I manage to do something I can . . . I mean something I might like, which might interest me, then there will always be a part of me that will be . . . what it is . . . I mean that unlike most of the people I see around me, I have known a lot of people who at some point have become famous, whether they do something, I don't know, make films, write books, paint, etc. . . . they have a name. At that point all these people stop coming to the Old Navy to . . . I think that to a certain degree they are tied up elsewhere, but at the same time, perhaps they need it less . . . I don't know. At the same time the Old Navy for them represents a time in their lives that they want above all to forget . . . little by little they become bourgeois, they buy cars, they even buy country homes, apartments, they have children . . . and I think that all these elements make them want to forget that moment in their lives, and they don't go to the Old Navy anymore . . . and for them, to go to the Old Navy is no longer any big deal. So I don't know what might happen to me. . . . I suppose that . . . I'm nevertheless just as optimistic . . .

EM: But notice, your number, you keep it, because there are women now who were deported and who have their numbers removed from their arms.

MARCELINE: Yeah, yeah, I know . . . I know they can do some kind of a graft or else take it off with electrolysis . . . I saw a girl, in fact, who had had a number and who had an enormous scar that was really ugly. Me, I always considered, at least . . . did I really consider it? . . . there were moments when I wanted to get rid of it, and then, I don't know, I mean, it . . . well, I don't know.

Medium shot Rouch, addressing Marceline.

JR: When you go out in the street in the morning . . .

MARCELINE: Yes . . .

JR: Do you have an idea of what you're going to do during the day?

Shots of Marceline walking in the street. She walks with her back to the camera, which follows her. The day is grey. We see that it has been raining. Marceline is wearing a raincoat and wears a satchel slung across her shoulders. Over these images, we hear, off-screen, Marceline's laugh as she responds to Jean Rouch, then her voice.

MARCELINE: Listen, there are times when I go out in the street in the morning . . . when I have things to do . . . but there is no guarantee I'm going to do them. I mean I never know what I'll be doing from one day to the next. It's like I live thinking that I don't know what tomorrow will bring . . . and then, for me, adventure is always just around the corner.

JR: And if we asked you to go into the street and ask people the question "Are you happy?", would you go?

Marceline continues to walk down the street, her back to the camera, following Rouch's off-screen question.

Are You Happy?

METRO PASSY

The picture answers Jean Rouch's question. Marceline, wearing the raincoat in which we saw her in the preceding sequence, calls out to passersby near the Passy metro station. The satchel she is carrying is a tape recorder case, and she holds a microphone in her hand. She is accompanied by Nadine, who is taking part in the film as interviewer. Marceline speaks to a passerby:

MARCELINE: Are you happy? Sir, excuse me?

MAN: What the fuck do you care . . .

MARCELINE (to Nadine): He said what the fuck do you care . . .

Nadine laughs. Marceline and Nadine approach a young boy.

MARCELINE: Are you happy?

The young boy draws back in fear.

MARCELINE AND NADINE: Hey, don't be afraid! We don't want to hurt you!

PLACE VICTOR HUGO

Marceline calls to a middle-aged woman, passing by.

MARCELINE: Ma'am . . . excuse me . . .

WOMAN: Eh, I don't have time, I'm already tired enough.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

MARCELINE: Are you happy, sir?

PASSERBY: Oh, don't give me all that stuff!

Marceline stops an unassuming looking man, about fifty years old.

MARCELINE: Are you happy?

MAN: Always, yes.

MARCELINE: Really?

MAN: Yes, of course!

PLACE DU PANTHEON

Marceline speaks to an old woman, who is afraid of the microphone.

MARCELINE: Are you happy?

WOMAN: Oh yes. Well, things are okay . . . those contraptions!

MENILMONTANT

A young woman pushing a baby carriage.

YOUNG WOMAN: It depends what you mean by happy . . . Happy? I'm happy in my home life. Yeah, and so?

BASTILLE

A woman around sixty years old. She tries to avoid them.

NADINE: Please ma'am, do us this favor.

WOMAN: Of course . . . can't you tell? Can't you see it on my face?

MARCELINE: Yes, you have a very bright face.

WOMAN: So I'm happy, happy to be alive, even though I'm sixty years old.

NADINE: You're sixty?

WOMAN: Yes, and even though I travel twenty kilometers every day to come work in Paris.

NADINE: No kidding?

WOMAN: I'm glad to have my health . . . that's the main thing . . . and a kind husband.

METRO PASSY

A woman, on the metro platform.

WOMAN: It depends.

MARCELINE: It depends on what?

WOMAN: It depends on what . . . you know, question of money, no; you're never happy when you're a worker.

SAINT GERMAIN DES PRES

A man around fifty years old.

MAN: Sometimes I've got plenty of troubles.

NADINE: And still you're not unhappy?

MAN: I've lost my sister, forty-four years old, yes, my dear! And I am really upset . . . believe me. Now I don't even try to understand.

PLACE VICTOR HUGO

A young man wearing glasses—no doubt a student.

MARCELINE: Are you unhappy?

YOUNG MAN: What do you mean unhappy? What for?

NADINE: Are you happy or unhappy?

YOUNG MAN: It depends what philosophy you adopt. MARCELINE: Oh, we're doing a study on the theme of happiness.

NADINE: Yeah.

YOUNG MAN: On the theme of happiness? And you aren't going to cite any names? Well . . . I don't know . . . if you take Descartes . . .

NADINE: Oh no, no, no . . . oh my, no!

YOUNG MAN: You see, I'm in the middle of reading this!

He shows a book which he pulls out of his pocket.

BASTILLE

A fun fair. In front of a merry-go-round Marceline and Nadine interrogate a friendly young cop.

MARCELINE: Are you happy?

COP: No.

MARCELINE: No, you're not happy, why? We're doing a sociological investigation.

COP: A lodging investigation?

NADINE: No, sociological.

COP: Off-duty it would be okay to answer, but in uniform . . .

MARCELINE: You aren't allowed to answer?

COP: No, not in uniform . . . off-duty I would have answered.

SAINT GERMAIN DES PRES

A middle-aged lady, unpretentious, but elegant.

LADY: On the theme of happiness? I've had happiness, I've had unhappiness. I've had a bit of everything in my life. It can't be any other way, eh? You've got to take the good with the bad, eh?

RUE BEAUREGARD

An old man, almost miserable looking.

MARCELINE: Why are you unhappy, sir?

OLD MAN: Because I'm too old.

MARCELINE: Really?

OLD MAN: Yup, seventy-nine years!

MARCELINE: No?

OLD MAN: I swear it, yes, I'm from '82 . . .

He seems completely terrified by the mike, which Marceline holds near him. The young women laugh.

NADINE: Don't be afraid, no, don't be afraid, it's the microphone! It's the microphone!

MARCELINE: And do you think that when you're eighty . . . when you're seventy-nine years old, you're unhappy?

OLD MAN: Oh, well, I lost my wife, too . . .

NADINE: So you're alone?

OLD MAN: Ah yes, I'm alone. And then there's the rent, 6,318 [francs] every month. I'm in a hotel . . .

SAINT GERMAIN DES PRES

Two young women, elegant and cheerful.

MARCELINE: Are you happy?

ONE YOUNG WOMAN: Yes.

NADINE: And you, miss?

OTHER YOUNG WOMAN: Me too, of course. We're young and it's a beautiful day.



Marceline, during the "are you happy" interviews

The Garage Mechanic

A car repair shop. Medium shot of the front of a car with its hood up. Back to the camera, the garage mechanic, in blue coveralls, is leaning over the engine. His wife is standing near him, screen left. They both must be about thirty-five. Marceline arrives and comes toward them, facing the camera.

MARCELINE: Good morning. I was sent here by Daniel; he said you had agreed to be interviewed.

MECHANIC: Yes.

Medium close-up of the mechanic.

MARCELINE: I'm going to ask you to answer just one question for me: Are you satisfied with your living conditions?

The mechanic casts one last glance at the motor.

MECHANIC: There's not much to be done about it.

Medium shot, over Marceline's shoulder to the mechanic and his wife.

WIFE: We aren't lacking anything. We've got everything we need . . . what we want, well, it's to move up . . . I mean it's . . .

MECHANIC: No, in a certain sense we're not complaining . . . to say we're complaining . . . we're not complaining. Us, we don't complain. I mean to say that . . .

WIFE: I think that to get somewhere in life, to do something yourself, you've got to work.

MARCELINE: Yes.

MECHANIC: No, but that's out of the realm of living conditions. About living conditions, we get by because we cheat a little, eh? Because we do a bunch of things that we really shouldn't do.

The wife is shocked.

WIFE: Oh, you're being funny, saying that . . .

MECHANIC: It's the truth . . . You ask me a question, I answer it for you.

WIFE: Obviously.

MECHANIC: Now living conditions . . . well, it's practically impossible if you stick to the rules . . . that's what I think.

MARCELINE: Yeah . . .

MECHANIC: I mean that if I bill all my clients . . . if I bill everything normally, then making a living is impossible . . .

The young woman seems scandalized and most of all very worried. She taps her husband lightly and looks toward the camera with apprehension. A friend of the mechanic—a worker or somebody connected with the garage—is near him. Marceline questions him. (Opposite angle to medium shot of the men.)

MARCELINE: And you, sir, are you happy?

MAN: Oh, from time to time. It depends on the moment . . . on circumstances . . . I manage.

Close-up of Marceline, to three-shot, with the wife in profile.

WIFE: When you get right down to it, Paris is not all that much fun. The atmosphere, the lack of sun . . . we still have a life that's, well, too . . .

Close-up of Marceline, to medium shot of the two men behind the gaping hood of the car, wife in profile.

MECHANIC: People are crazy, they're nuts. They work all week, then they don't do anything on Sunday. They don't want to wreck the car. They park along the side of the road, they take out their little table, their little chair, they set themselves up so they won't wreck the car, because on a little back lane, they'd wreck it. So they sit there, they use five liters of gas and they take three hours to get home. You think that's normal?

Close-up of the two men, over:

MARCELINE: And you live differently, you two?

MECHANIC: I try . . . we try.

MARCELINE: Yeah? . . .

MECHANIC: We're interested in useless things that don't get you anything, just for the fun of it.

MARCELINE: What do you mean by useless things?

MECHANIC: Well, we've got some friends . . .

FRIEND: Putter around . . .

MECHANIC: We mess around doing things for no reason. We spend time doing nothing.

Maddie and Henri

A door opens to reveal a young woman, and behind her a room visibly close to the roof. In the back of the room a young bearded man is seated. Marceline and Nadine enter:

MARCELINE: Hello.

YOUNG WOMAN: Hello.

NADINE: Hello, we're here for the survey you were told about . . . hello . . . here we are.

YOUNG WOMAN: What are your names?

NADINE: I'm Nadine and this is Marceline.

MARCELINE: And I'm Marceline. And you?

YOUNG WOMAN: Maddie . . . and he's Henri.

Marceline asks her question—are you happy? Close-up of Henri, who answers:

HENRI: Me, I don't know . . . happiness isn't a goal . . . I don't set up happiness as a goal for myself . . . I try to live as normally as possible . . . I mean as true to myself as possible . . . at the moment there are two of us . . . that hasn't changed a thing in my concept of happiness . . . I try to find it for two, whereas before I was looking for it alone . . . and that's it.

MARCELINE: And how was your life before?

Close-up of Maddie, later cutting away to close-ups of Henri and Marceline.

MADDIE: Until I was seventeen, I lived with my parents and then some friends, and I decided to start a business that was going to make us get rich quick . . . of course! Because working a lot . . . that is not very interesting . . . because it's really a waste of time . . . for earning money in particular. So we had a big cabinetry shop and with big old Louis Philippe bureaux that we cut up, that we dismantled completely . . . we managed to make Louis XVI bureaux, because the wood was 100 years old and people were fooled by it . . . 100 years or 150 or 200 years, it doesn't matter . . . So we transformed them, for example, by adding some columns on either side . . . we left only three drawers . . . You know on Louis Philippe's there are five drawers. Then in the end, using only the old wood, we managed to even reconstruct some Louis XIV pieces, by bending the old wood, adding curves and new veneer . . .

NADINE: And you made money in this venture?

MADDIE: Oh, the people who were with me made a lot, but in the end I got out . . . people are even suing since then . . . I mean to tell you that all this . . . to say that the business world is hideous . . . in fact I'm very happy not to have gotten anything out of it . . . except for the experience so that I never again get started in ventures like that . . . it's not worth it.

Maddie gets up and we see her in the foreground, getting a bowl of fruit from a table. Henri is talking in the background.

HENRI: Me, I'm a painter. I'm not a theoretician. To understand something I need to make it, to participate in it . . . so . . . I like painting and so I do it to try to understand others a bit . . .

Maddie returns toward Henri, Nadine, and Marceline on the terrace and offers some fruit.

MARCELINE: I'll take one grape, I'm not hungry at all . . .

MARCELINE (*off-screen*): What do you do every day?

Maddie is seated, Nadine at her right, Henri at her left; Marceline faces her, holding the microphone.

MADDIE: So there you have it, it's been exactly a year and a half that we're together . . . so it's sort of been our honeymoon. We've usually stayed in bed until one in the afternoon . . . read old books, and every afternoon we've painted . . . but painting, that's only for the last six months.

HENRI: You're forgetting about our jaunts.

MADDIE: Because besides that we wanted to travel a bit, all over. Last year we left in May. It was our honeymoon trip from May up until . . . until the end of September . . . we went to the Camargue . . . we rented a studio . . . well, in an old house, with an old lady.

MARCELINE: Aie! You went to Saint Tropez?

Close-up of Henri.

HENRI: Completely broke! And there we had to get by, we had to live . . . and the great discovery was to realize that we could live down there just like we live here now . . . I mean we did odd jobs . . . I painted names on boats . . . things like that. I worked two hours a day . . . we led a life of luxury.

Close-up of Maddie.

MADDIE: And then we lived on that for the whole day . . . we sunbathed, we painted . . .

Close-up of Henri.

HENRI: We don't think about the problem of happiness . . . maybe that's why we consider ourselves happy, because we don't think about the problem of happiness, which is a pretty empty word. Because to consider the problem of unhappiness . . . the problem of happiness, is to consider the problem of unhappiness . . . and the problem of unhappiness is ridiculous. It's a word that should be stricken from the vocabulary, unhappiness. There is sorrow . . . there's everything you want . . . but not unhappiness . . . or happiness either.

Henri gets up and walks to the foreground; the camera follows him, panning left toward an odd cabinet with a glass door, which he opens, and he flicks a switch. It's an antique music case in which an enormous toothed wheel begins to rotate. In the background Maddie is still talking.

MADDIE: You see, for example, we have no money, and yet I know very few people in our group of friends, who earn, by the way, some hefty sums every month, who have a library or a record collection like ours, because as soon as we sell a little painting, it's really to enrich our universe with belongings, with objects.

The camera stops on the music machine, filming it in successive extreme close-ups, while we hear the music continue its little mechanical round. Downward wipe to black.

The Workers

Part of a close shot of a photo of Marlon Brando stuck to a wall. The camera tilts down to a group of young workers at a table with Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin (close-up of Jean, with inserts of Morin, and then Jacques).

JEAN: When I think that you have to get up in the morning at the same time every day . . . let's say at six o'clock . . . then you have your coffee . . . you take the same route every day to get to the station . . . you walk up the stairs, you get on the train, then you arrive, . . . you go in the same door every day. Then the time clock, you punch in every day. Then after that you sit down at your drafting table and you start to draw. And then at noon you start over every day, you talk and then that's it, you go eat and then you come back and then in the evening you take your train, you go home and then you eat . . . then you go to bed and it's always the same, I mean, I find it ridiculous. I find it . . . When I get here in the morning, when I get to the door of the factory . . . I don't know . . . I feel like there's something . . . I feel like rebelling and then I tell myself . . . after all, I don't give a damn.

Close-up of Jacques.

JACQUES: Me, I've never heard a guy tell me his work was interesting.

EM: But Angélo, do you feel the same way he does?

Close-up of Angélo, panning from Jean.

ANGELO: Yeah, just about . . . yeah . . . but I think that

Medium close-up of Jacques with cutaways to Angélo.

JACQUES: Well, there are lots of guys who want to become . . . to climb the ranks . . . to get from workers to technicians, from technicians they think they'll get to be . . . I don't know . . . engineers maybe. So they take courses . . . that's what they're hoping for . . . but to leave to go where? To shop around? There are many who leave to go shop around and then they come back . . . there are some who leave to go start a business . . . some succeed . . . some don't succeed and they come back. The problem is the same for people who work in the office. For all the people who work in whatever part of the factory, it's the same. It's that the work is so fragmented, it's gotten so small, if you like, that we end up doing a job that's monotonous . . . that's boring . . . and it's always the same.

Close-up of Angélo.



Angélo at one of the dinners

ANGELO: Well, I think that . . . me, I do twenty-four hours a day. Because you do nine hours a day, that's true, but the rest of the hours you use to sleep, and you sleep so you can go work, so it's all the same . . . and all of it is work . . . I think he's right.

Angélo

Angélo's bedroom, at home in Clamart, in the morning. An alarm clock rings. Angélo emerges from the sheets, stretches. His mother comes in carrying his breakfast tray. They kiss each other.

ANGELO: How are you?

MOTHER: Fine, how are you?

The mother leaves the room. Angélo eats his breakfast, then lights a cigarette and takes a couple of drags before he gets up.

Rapid succession of shots: Angélo finishes washing, gets dressed, and leaves the house.

We follow him, as does the camera, down the street. Day has not yet broken. The factory entrance, which groups of workers penetrate silently. We see Angélo enter. A worker at the door distributes leaflets.

The factory. Flashes of the workers at work in front of their machines in full action. Lathes, milling machines, plating presses . . . melting iron. Trolleys. Wagons.

The break. Workers, sitting in different corners of the shop, eat sandwiches. One leafs through a newspaper as he eats.

End of the day. The workers leave the factory. We follow Angélo in the street. He is waiting for the bus. Quick shots of the ride. When he gets off, Angélo climbs a long stairway squeezed between gardens. Some children are playing on the steps. Angélo says hello to some of them in passing.

When Angélo reaches the top of the stairs, we discover, from that point, an immense panoramic view down onto the roofs of Paris.

At the end of a little street also lined with gardens, Angélo reaches the house where he lives. We then see him in the courtyard, in a white judo suit. He is practicing judoka movements: shoulder butts, wrist manchettes, falls. Some sort of heavy bearskin hanging from a tree and the tree itself serve as his partner. Angélo seems to be fighting with the tree.

Angélo's room. He stretches out on the bed, picks up a book with an ancient binding, opens it. We can make out a title: Danton.

Dusk. Lights go out in Angélo's room.



The meeting of Angélo and Landry

Angélo and Landry

The staircase of an apartment building. On the first steps are seated Landry, a black African, and Angélo. Standing and facing them at the foot of the steps, Edgar Morin.

EM: Angélo, you saw Landry at the screening of the rushes;²¹ you wanted to meet him . . . well, here he is now, go ahead!

Close-up of Angélo, then Landry.

ANGELO: What are you doing in France now?

LANDRY: In France I'm at Villeneuve-sur-Lot college, in Lot-en-Garonne. It's a place where I'm quite happy.

ANGELO: I work at Renault.

LANDRY: Ah, you work at Renault! Well, well, my friend! They sure talk about Renault in Africa. The Renault company, what do you know, what do you know!

ANGELO: It's got a big reputation.

Series of close-ups alternating Angélo-Landry during the following response.

LANDRY: Oh, a very big reputation; for Africans it's the only automobile manufacturer that exists. Besides Renault there's nobody . . . Yes, but, I don't know, . . . for myself, I would never consider working in a factory. Because I imagine that . . . in a factory you're there, you're closed in, you're there all day long, the noise of machines and all there . . .

Close-up of Angélo.

ANGELO: You're absolutely right. It's disgusting. I wonder how we manage to stay in a factory, like you say, closed in. We're closed in, we're controlled. There's a kind of discord that already divides workers. And on top of that, there's the management harassing us, always in back of us, the foremen, that's right, it's really disgusting. And you're right when you say that you wonder how we manage to stay in a factory; it's really tough, only you've got no choice, sometimes there just isn't anything else. Uh, . . . when you first came to France, and you were doing absolutely nothing, you didn't know the place, you didn't know anyone, eh? That's just what I'd like you to tell me a little about.

Close-up Landry.

LANDRY: Ah! When I first came to France, I didn't know anyone, I mean . . . I didn't know anyone. I wasn't really familiar with life in France, and I was obliged to get by . . . I mean to pull myself

21. Angélo wanted to meet Landry after he saw the rushes of some of the Saint Tropez sequences in which Landry appeared as "African explorer of France on vacation." Portions of these sequences appear later in the film.—Ed.

through. In my condition it's pretty difficult. An African in France is not . . . there's . . . for him the big problem is a question of adaptation.

Alternating close-ups of Angélo and Landry throughout the following exchange.

ANGELO: I also have the impression that in life you have . . . there are people who have inferiority complexes.

LANDRY: When I talk about inferiority complexes, that's me exactly, I mean . . .

ANGELO: Yeah, I understand, but there's a thing I want to ask you. Could I maybe use "tu" with you? Do you mind?

LANDRY: Yes, of course, at this point! . . .

ANGELO: There's a thing I want to ask you and that's, do you still have this complex?

LANDRY: Uh . . . me, no, I no longer have a complex because when I arrived in France I realized that the French in Paris were not the same as the French in Africa and—

ANGELO: It doesn't bother you a bit . . . you're black and you don't give a damn.

LANDRY: Oh, I don't give a damn! Like I said, I've got a system. I knock on a door and when it opens, I walk in. When it insists on staying shut, I turn around. It's simple.

ANGELO: Oh, you're right. You're really okay. I like you a lot. Listen, I'm going to say, what do you think about workers?

LANDRY: Uh, workers, well, I, workers in France, I'm not exactly familiar with them . . .

ANGELO: You're not familiar with them . . .

LANDRY: Ah, but . . . I don't know how it works in France . . . because here in France I've seen workers, even the lower-income worker, he's got a car. And so every evening you see him, he's very happy . . . so I don't know how it really works and . . . I don't know if it's the same as in Africa . . .

ANGELO: You're right . . . you see, I work at Renault, and you've got to figure, you know, 80 percent of the guys who have their car . . . because I must tell you, it's that in France . . . the guy is an individual. He works for himself . . . y'know . . . he thinks only of himself . . . the guy's got his salary, you see, he works . . . he works . . . for himself, the guy . . . and he works hard, eh? So he saves up some dough, you see, he deprives himself of certain things, you see . . . he wants to play, like, that kind of guy, you know, who has dough . . . who's got some bread . . . you see. He's a pitiful guy . . . he's really a pitiful guy. The rest of us, we go to the cafeteria, you know, but me, I don't give a damn . . . I've got absolutely nothing . . . I've got absolutely nothing . . . I'm a poor guy, but I eat. At the cafeteria at Renault, you see, the guys at the table . . . you know they eat . . . just . . . an appetizer . . . you know, that's all . . . and a bit of

bread. That's all, but they've got one thing . . . they've got their wheels . . . so you imagine . . . you say to yourself, you say . . . yeah, but shit, these guys in France . . . the proletariat in France . . . he's got some dough . . . he's got some dough . . . he makes a lot . . . he makes a lot of bread . . . he can buy himself a car . . . he can buy himself a car . . . he can pay for his apartment. Don't believe it! He is one unhappy guy . . . he's a pitiful type. Believe me! I live with these people . . . I live with them . . . they're a pitiful bunch. Look, you've got other things like . . . you go into a café or a restaurant . . . more like a restaurant. You see the guy really well dressed . . . with all that, you say . . . at least this guy must have some money. He's a pitiful guy . . . don't have any illusions . . . he's a pitiful guy . . . most of the time he's a pitiful guy, well, that's my opinion . . . he's an unhappy guy . . . he's a guy who's deprived himself so he could buy a suit, you see . . . well dressed. The gossips and you see the whole deal. It's a sham, all of that . . . it's a joke . . . the guy . . . because . . . why is it a joke? It's a joke because on Monday he's going to start over like a pitiful guy in a shitty factory, . . . filthy . . . Like when you see him inside a factory and you see the outside it's no longer the same guy . . . you see?

Final close-up of Landry, agreeing, vaguely disturbed.

Gabillon

A dining room. At the table facing Edgar Morin is Jacques Gabillon, his wife, Simone, and their little boy.

EM: Go on and serve your kid! He's got nothing left to eat!

MME. GABILLON: What do you want my love?

CHILD: Some cucumber . . .

GABILLON: Cucumber!

MME. GABILLON: Okay then.

GABILLON: You're a cucumber lover.

Profile close-up of Morin, with cutaways to Gabillon.

EM: I remember . . . eh? . . . for years, the housing problem . . . how much it bothered you . . . how much it weighed down your life. And then now you're in Clichy. Low-cost housing is better anyway. It's bright, it's peaceful, etc. . . . but could you talk to us about that problem?

Close-up of Mme. Gabillon during her husband's response.

GABILLON: It was sheer anguish, the housing question, it was distressing . . . Not to have a home . . . to be in some ways at the mercy of others. It's something absolutely terrible. Well, first of all when you're in a . . . in a boarding house . . .

MME. GABILLON: Oh, listen, you don't remember! . . . there were some walls that were so thin you could hear everything the neighbors were saying next door . . .

GABILLON: Of course . . . of course . . . it's true.

MME. GABILLON: We didn't even have heat in the room.

GABILLON: It's true.

MME. GABILLON: And then we had bedbugs . . . I was so terrified that I wanted to sleep outside.

GABILLON: But I didn't want you to sleep outside . . . you wanted to go up to the park on the hill . . .

MME. GABILLON: Well, I would have preferred.

GABILLON: The park . . . though . . . in the eighteenth . . . down there . . .

Close-up of Mme. Gabillon.

MME. GABILLON: Oh, it was awful! I had never seen bedbugs in my life. The first time I saw . . . it was one day . . . I woke up at about five in the morning. I mean before I had a couple of little . . . a couple of little bumps on my arms . . . I didn't know what they were . . . I thought they were some weird pimples, and then one fine day I woke up at five in the morning and I turned my head and saw some kind of bug climbing behind my bed . . . I'd never seen any bedbugs . . . never . . . I let out an ear-piercing scream. You remember . . .

GABILLON: I didn't care. I'd seen bedbugs of course.

MME. GABILLON: But I hadn't.

GABILLON: I had seen them before, but Simone hadn't, eh?

MME. GABILLON: Oh no, it was awful! . . . to see such things!

Close-up of Gabillon.

GABILLON: Then it's terrible because she wanted to go out like that and sleep on the grass . . . on the lawn . . . in the park, down there . . .

MME. GABILLON: No it wasn't . . . yeah, but the Buttes Chaumont,²² it wasn't . . .

GABILLON: And me, I didn't want to. I didn't want to because for me the Buttes Chaumont, you know, it's something . . . it left me . . . how can I explain, it was a risk, you know? . . . to be left somehow at the mercy of the night . . . and anyway, I didn't want to leave her in the park, on the lawn, eh?

Close-up of Mme. Gabillon.

MME. GABILLON: As for me, I preferred that to the bedbugs. Oh, I would have preferred that. And then, I talked about them at the office, and I had a friend who said "Oh my god, a bedbug makes . . . it's weird . . . it's like a drop of blood running down your body." And all night I thought about that. I got to sleep around four in the morning thinking I'd feel a drop of blood fall on me . . . it was awful!

ARE YOU HAPPY?

Close-up of Edgar Morin, then close-ups alternating between Gabillon and his wife during the following replies.

EM: I was wondering something. Are you happy?

MME. GABILLON: More or less . . .

EM: And you?

GABILLON: More or less . . .

EM: So what's missing?

MME. GABILLON: Oh, I'm ashamed to say it . . . money.

EM: And you?

GABILLON: To do what I'd like to do . . .

EM: Which is?

GABILLON: To devote time to what interests me . . .

MME. GABILLON: Yeah, but it's the same thing!

Because if we had money, he could dedicate himself to whatever he wants . . . I mean . . .

EM: Right now what are you happy with?

MME. GABILLON: Well, I suppose that in spite of everything I'm pretty spoiled by life . . . because . . . I love my husband . . . I love my son . . . I have a job . . . a small job, but I like it . . .

GABILLON: For me, work is time wasted.

Close-up of Gabillon during Morin's question, then alternation of close-ups again, according to which person is speaking.

EM: Okay, but if you remember . . . you struggled . . . we struggled in the same party. We hoped for another kind of life . . . we hoped for something different . . . and then?

GABILLON: Yes, of course.

EM: So we bury it?

GABILLON: Ideals are not always . . . they're not always . . . not even often attainable. So of course we accept . . . we accept or no, we don't accept the life that is made for us.

22. The Buttes Chaumont is a beautiful park on a hill in the north of Paris.—Ed.

EM: You have to adapt?

GABILLON: You have to adapt. I admire and envy people who precisely can adapt totally. Me, I'm reduced to a sort of . . . a split, you know, internally, an intimate split, and I abandon one part of me, you know? . . . that I adapt.

EM: And the other part—what does it do?

GABILLON: Well, I keep it . . . up till now . . . I protect it, more exactly . . . I protect it!

EM: And what is this part?

GABILLON: Well, it's the authentic part of me . . .

Off-screen voice of Gabillon over close-up of Morin, then slight pan toward Mme. Gabillon, finishing on close-up of Gabillon with Mme. Gabillon.

I think that the tragedy of our age is that we choose our work less and less. You don't enter into something . . . you fall into something because you've simply got to have . . . if not a title . . . but a position, an official job . . . because you need an ID card . . . you need a work card. A man today, what is a man? A packet . . . a packet of . . . he's an ID card . . . a bunch of forms . . . that's today's man, isn't it? Not everybody can be an artist, nor can everybody be a craftsman. It's a maneuver so you have to beat boredom . . . the whole day long . . . a job that's uninteresting, a job to . . . how shall I put it? . . . in which you find no interest, that has no meaning . . . And yet obviously you have to do it, this job . . . You have to

put up with it, right, until six P.M.

EM: Yeah, but after six o'clock?

GABILLON: Well, after six o'clock you try to become yourself again . . . you become yourself again. You have a job until six o'clock and then afterward you're a whole other man . . . a whole other person.

Close-up of Morin, smiling.

EM: And what does this man do?

Profile close-up of Gabillon with close-up inserts of Mme. Gabillon.

GABILLON: Well, this man, he vibrates, he exists. He's maybe a prisoner elsewhere. He's a prisoner of the first man, right? It's the first one who passed him the handcuffs. But I think that more and more you have to, you have to . . . how shall I put it? cut down your participation, you know, in work, in official work, and give even more on the side . . . to what I call the marginal life . . .

Close-up Morin.

EM: Because for the rest you think . . . is there anything you believe in?

Close-up Gabillon.

GABILLON: I believe in life . . . I mean, I believe . . . in the possibility of being fulfilled in spite of everything, in . . . and because of it!

Marilou at work



Marilou

[Below you will read almost in its entirety the exchange between Marilou and Morin, which has been shortened considerably in the film as shown. Marilou knew nothing of the questions she would be asked. Morin didn't know where he was heading. His first question was anecdotal and superficial, but Marilou, who could have avoided answering it, responds, in fact, with extraordinary candor, which takes this exchange beyond the bounds of the conversation or the interview.]

EM: Listen, Marilou . . .

MARILOU: Yes, my father . . .

EM: I'm going to ask you a question.

MARILOU: Go ahead.

EM: On Friday, last Friday at three in the morning, I saw you at St. Germain des Prés with two men . . . And as I happen to know that the next day you had to be at work at nine in the morning, that you are a secretary for a magazine, I ask you the question: How do you live?

MARILOU: That's a question I don't ask myself, I live like I live; it sometimes happens that I'm out late every night, that I still manage to get to work; it sometimes happens that I go to bed very early; it doesn't change me in the least; makes absolutely no difference in my life.

EM: It was in July 1957 that you arrived in Paris with your suitcases. You didn't know French; well, you had learned some in school.

MARILOU: Yes, it was the fourteenth of July in 1957; I arrived on the fourteenth of July, I didn't know a word of French, I had some addresses but I didn't know anyone; I arrived and I went to the first address and no one was there; I went to the second address, there was a girl who spoke English. She said "You must be tired, come in and rest" . . . I rested. I phoned the first address because it was some friends, some comrades, political friends; I went back there and I lived at the beginning with a Spanish refugee; I learned French in political surroundings . . . it was . . . it was really great, and I didn't notice that I was making an effort to adapt because there were new relationships to be made, new people, even the language, it was a really euphoric period up to the point when I began to express myself in French, and the mechanism of repetition started up. I realized that at Concord or at Montparnasse or Etoile or St. Germain des Prés . . . the problem was the same as in the smallest café, on the smallest street of the most remote little hamlet in

Italy, and that it had done me no good to have come to France.

EM: I first met you in October '57; in sum those were your early days in Paris?

MARILOU: Yeah.

EM: It was at the town hall in Clichy.

MARILOU: Yeah.

EM: It was by chance; there was a debate about Poland.

MARILOU: On Stalinism.

EM: With our friend, Claude.

MARILOU: Yeah.

EM: And you worked as a secretary.

MARILOU: Yeah, a crummy job.

EM: I saw you then and it's been over three years since.

MARILOU: Yeah.

EM: You're a Parisian now, at least you're no longer . . . you're more Parisian than Cremonese, I mean . . . has something new happened for you?

MARILOU: Yes. Nothing scandalizes me anymore. In Italy I was into politics and was really scandalized (now, I don't like that word) by a certain social situation. I really thought I could do something; I pursued it in France. I belonged to leftist groups in France; for the past two months I've been out of politics altogether! . . . I find it laughable . . . I find that . . . I discover that I don't know how to say . . . a logic in things and I tell myself all the time, fine, it's like this, if you like it, fine, if you don't like it, all you have to do is avoid it. Yeah, but otherwise you just keep on walking, that's all.

We see Marilou going out of her maid's room and leaving the building she lives in. We follow her on the street. We find her at her office of Cahiers du Cinéma, where she is a secretary.

Over a medium close-up of Marilou sitting in front of her typewriter, we hear Edgar Morin, whose voice continues over close-ups of Marilou in inserts, then alternating with close-ups of himself.

EM: Marilou, you are twenty-seven years old, you came from Italy to France three years ago, and for the past three years you have been living a totally new experience. When you were in Cremona, you lived with your father, a petty bourgeois, to boot. Here in Paris you live in a maid's room, without running water, you have had the experience of being a foreigner and you have met some men; you have learned some things; you've gotten to know Paris, you've had some new friends, and so, what I want to say is, what is there that's new for you?

Close-up of Marilou, the face, attentive, leaning on one of her hands.

MARILOU: You've mentioned the difference between my bourgeois life in Italy and my maid's room in Paris. In fact, my maid's room has done something for me. I spent one winter . . . several winters, in fact, with no heat . . . it was cold. It was the first time I lived without comfort. It was a relief the first year . . . I was overwhelmed by bad conscience when I first came to Paris . . . and . . . I don't know . . . it was silly but it did me good to be, to be uncomfortable . . . and then, and then . . . I think . . . it was also the first time I worked. The first times when I woke up at seven o'clock, even if I was exhausted, I was almost happy to take the subway . . . to find myself in the bustle. I think that really I felt myself a part of something. But that didn't last too long. Now I'm sick of my maid's room, I'm sick of being cold in the winter . . . I'm sick of being in the subway at rush hour. I don't find anymore . . . communication, I find . . . it all disagreeable, it's all for nothing . . . and . . .

Close-up of Morin.

EM: Yeah, but listen . . . I mean . . . Are you pursuing something? Do you have some goal? . . .

Close-up of Marilou.

MARILOU: Really, to be honest, I don't know . . . There are moments when I happily tell myself that I came to Paris . . . and its true, I have the impression that I've recovered lost time. I felt sort of out of phase with everything when I first came here, and I was closed up at home . . . isolated . . . when I was in Italy. And I used up my inner resources, so I wanted to go crashing into reality . . . I did it . . . and I thought it was good. And now I wonder if I had to do it that way. I drink, for example, . . . that too I find . . . I don't know . . . I wanted to free myself of alibis when I came to France, I wanted to live, not by compensation . . . I wanted to live because I wanted to live . . . you know, then . . . Now I've destroyed bit by bit the false mechanisms, the alibis, and I recover them by drinking or by sleeping around, by some irrational attitude, by doing fucked-up things basically . . . using foul language doesn't help, so, that's it—

EM: Yes, but still you see I don't agree with what you're saying. There's something in you, because here you've got friends, there are people who really like you, you're not alone, so in the end what are you seeking to overcome? You know you

have help . . . I don't understand now if you're wishing this state on yourself . . .

MARILOU: I know there are people who love me; that's not what's important, it's feeling it. There are moments when I don't feel it, where I feel cut off from everything, where I feel that something isn't working, something fundamental is not working . . . and it comes before something happens, and so I don't give a damn whether people love me or not . . . it's not important, you see?

EM: Yeah, but then I say, what does there need to be for things to work right? What does there need to be for things to work right? . . .

MARILOU: I need to feel, in a given situation, like I am in the real world, whereas I constantly feel like I am in the imaginary.

Close-up of Marilou from Morin's profile point of view.

EM: You say you are in the imaginary. But what does reality mean for you? Is it to have a job that really interests you? To do what you really want? Is it to . . . to . . . live with a man that you love rather than living day to day like this, sleeping with guys? I don't know, what is it?

MARILOU: But one flows from the other, clearly. It's to have a job that . . . that doesn't scare me. It's to live with someone who . . . no matter how long . . . whether it be for an hour two hours . . . a month . . . fifteen days . . . and knowing that I'm with him . . . that I have the possibility of communicating with him . . . that there are no phantoms to prevent my enjoying him. It's . . . it's above all . . . to come out of myself . . . to live or die, even . . . provided that it puts me in touch with something that . . . makes me get outside of myself, that's all . . . I reduce everything to myself for the moment. I don't even have the right to . . . not even the right to kill myself, you know, it would be false . . . absolutely false . . . and . . .

Long close-up of Marilou, who is silent, biting at her lips, on the verge of tears, under the gaze of Edgar Morin who is immobile, and also silent. Then . . .

EM: But why do you reduce everything to you? . . .

MARILOU: What?

EM: Reduce everything to you?

MARILOU: If only I knew!

Prolonged close-up of Marilou, silent again, edged, anguished.

Intervention of Rouch who, after baiting this Morin-Marilou dialogue, remained silent and out of the conversation. Marilou is in tears, but her face is very calm.

JR: *Ask a question now, anything, about the Pope. Ask the question now, and don't get close to her, ask the question.*

EM: *Okay, now listen, Marilou . . .*

JR: *No, you're moving closer, Morin, stay back. Morin, move back. Start the question over.*

EM: *Listen, for tonight we're going to ask you something a little lighter, okay?*

(Laughter)

What do you think of the Pope, of anything you want?

Questioning face of Marilou.

EM: *Because the Pope is Italian.*

MARILOU: *I don't care about being Italian, I'm Italian by chance and I don't give a damn about the Pope either.*

EM: *You're not Italian by chance.*

MARILOU: *No, it's by chance.*

EM: *But I see that when you prepare a dish of pasta-scouta, you prepare the sauce as though you were.*

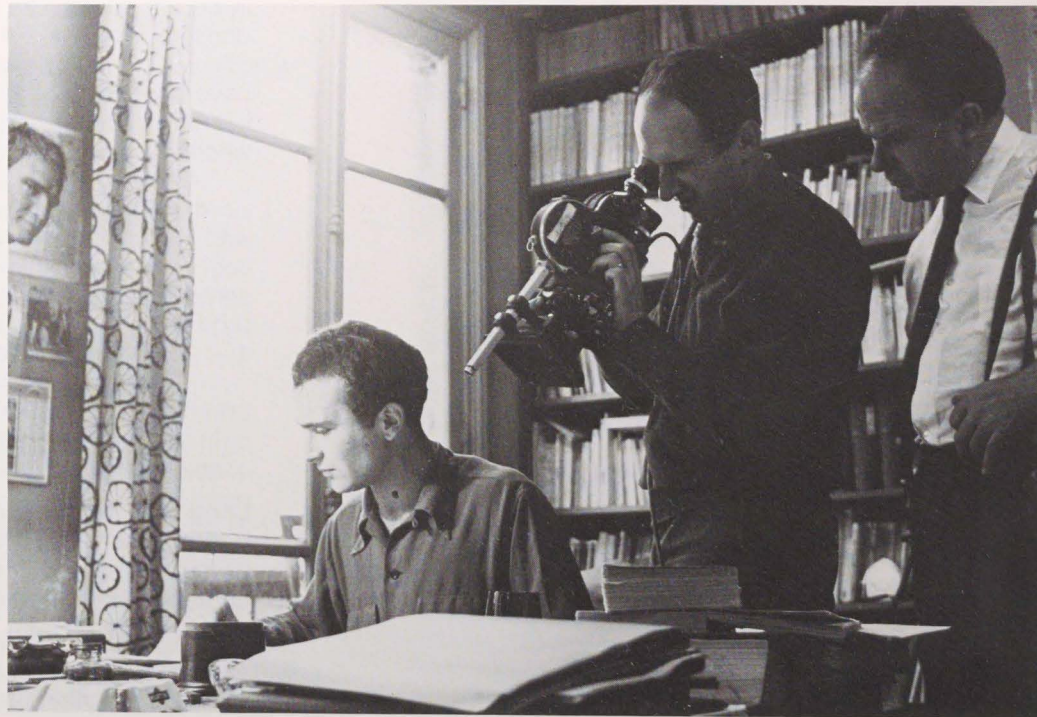
MARILOU: *It's all a show for friends; Italians are supposed to know how to make spaghetti, so I make it, so everyone thinks my spaghetti sauces reveal the purest Italian tradition . . . well, the last time, I put vodka in it. So there, I'm quite pleased with myself (laughter).*

EM: *Do you feel as though you've said things . . . lots of things or not many things.*

MARILOU: *I can't say anything at the moment . . . I don't know where I am . . . I can't say anything.*

EM: *Do you think this film could help you say something?*

MARILOU: *I don't know. You are all very nice, that's all I can say.*



Michel Brault (with camera) and Jean Rouch line up a shot of Jean-Pierre at his desk



Jean-Pierre at home

Jean-Pierre

The balcony of an apartment building in the seventeenth arrondissement. Back to the camera, Jean-Pierre is looking down at the street. He has a glass in his hand. He takes a drink, then goes back into his room and toward his work table, which is scattered with books and papers. He sits down and takes a cigarette, which he lights. Off-screen, we hear the voice of Edgar Morin, while Jean-Pierre stands up again.

EM: Jean-Pierre, you are a student, you are twenty years old, and I wonder how you get by in life.

Close-up of Jean-Pierre.

It is now another scene—a dining room, the end of dinner. After a moment we discover the presence of Marceline and Morin, by insert close-ups.

JEAN-PIERRE: Well, it is true that I live . . . Yes, in fact I do live . . . I live . . . I live no doubt much better than most students my age live. But I live, I mean I live so long as I accept some terrible compromises . . . I live only so long as I accept . . . I accept that things are not what I had wanted them to be . . . As long as I accept . . . well, being fucked over, you know! . . . there aren't, there aren't any problems . . . In fact I think that all the guys . . . all the guys who are my age now . . . even some older ones . . . manage to live serenely, if you will, only as long as they accept the necessity of being fucked over . . . But otherwise when I talk to you about impotences . . . I mean . . . they're real impotences, you understand . . .

Like the fact that I go and blow my exams . . . I don't know, I mean . . . Like I tried to live with a woman . . . I tried to make her happy . . . that she wanted to make me happy . . . that we tried to be happy . . . then that it dissipates, it becomes absurd. They're impotences, you know . . . like on the political level too . . . and again, I don't give a damn now . . . I mean it's somehow much less important . . . that all my political needs, you know . . . are attenuated, are scattered . . . Sure I have needs, but to say that I am really unhappy that . . . that I am close to doing some very concrete things, some effective things, in the end, it's truer, you know . . . I have . . . well, I mean I have loads of very intellectual justifications for all that, . . . I mean like I've seen those of your generation . . .

Close-up insert of Morin.

I've seen what their political involvement produced . . . I mean . . . their powerlessness in the face of barriers . . . I don't want it anymore . . . I mean . . . I've seen too many people like that, y'know, who . . . who were reduced to the point of crying by all that . . . to the point of being traumatized . . . of not knowing what to do any more . . . You are almost all like that, in fact, on that level . . . so me, I don't want it . . . and that is an intellectual justification . . . though I know very well that in a much more interior way . . . it's not that at all . . .

Close-up insert of Marceline.

. . . a sort of absence . . . a sort of absence of courage . . . Even on the emotional level . . . there is selfishness. Even though you've dreamed of moments of passion . . . of beautiful things . . . You realize . . . at least I'm obliged to realize . . . I mean . . . that everything is made in half-tones . . . I mean half-tones . . . and really neutral shades . . . There's no black and white . . . it's just shades of grey . . . I mean a little darker grey . . . a little lighter grey . . . It's sickening . . . d'you understand? . . .

Close-up of Marceline, silent, who nods her head in agreement. Then to Marceline:

EM: D'you have something to say, Marceline?

Close-up of Marceline, who we feel is close to tears.

MARCELINE: I have to say that I feel very responsible for that . . . because it's partly through me that you . . .

Close-up of Jean-Pierre.

knew all those people who were ready to cry after their political experiences . . . Me too, in fact . . . And then when you talk about having wanted to make a woman happy . . . I know it's me . . .

Close-up of Jean-Pierre as Marceline speaks.

. . . so I feel a bit responsible . . . for all your helplessness inasmuch as . . . well . . . I made you leave the path that maybe you should have stayed on . . .

Close-up of Morin.

EM: No, but it's true . . . I think that Jean-Pierre says the word "impotence" and that Marceline must think . . . of the word . . . failure . . .

Close-up of Marceline, who has a bitter smile.

MARCELINE: I do have a feeling of failure after so many years . . . though when I met Jean-Pierre I really didn't want it to be like that . . . I so much wanted him not to have the twenty years that I had had . . . I . . . thought I could make him happy . . . that in spite of everything, it was possible.

Tilt down to close-up of Marceline's arm, on which we can distinguish a tattooed serial number, then back face close-ups of Jean-Pierre and Marceline.

I loved him deeply . . . I love him still, in fact . . . but then . . . it's still a failure. And it's not just a failure for me . . . it's a painful experience for him . . . because I still think he loves me a little, maybe . . .

Close-up of Jean-Pierre, eyes lowered.

The Algerian War Question

A long table surrounded by numerous guests, among whom the camera allows us to recognize Edgar Morin, Jean Rouch, Marceline, Jean-Pierre . . .

JR: We've reached the point where the film, which up to here has been enclosed in a relatively personal and individual universe, opens up onto the situation of this summer of 1960.

VOICES: Yeah, yeah . . .

JR: So, shall we go ahead?

EM: Yes, but I'd really like to know what they think.

JR: Let's go!

EM: Okay. Let's go . . . here we go, here we go . . . here we go . . . I don't know, but if I were a student . . . y'know . . . right now, the men in particu-

lar. I mean old enough to do military service, I'd be thinking about the events in Algeria . . . I mean about the war in Algeria . . . You don't give a damn about this issue, about the war in Algeria, do you?

Close-up of one of the young people, Jean-Marc.

JEAN-MARC: No, we do give a damn . . . if only for this reason, that one day, I mean, I don't know, next year, in two years, in ten years, well, there will be great subjects for films on the war of Algeria! *(over close-up of Régis):*

EM: So you're an aesthete? That means you're talking about the future films that you'd like to make about the war of Algeria, well that's fine . . .

Medium close-up of Céline and Morin, vehement.

CELINE: If only the majority of the French would show their opposition . . . would show it publicly.

ROPHE *(sound recordist)*: But to what end?

CELINE: . . . to put an end to this absurd war.

Close-up of Rophé, in profile.

ROPHE: I don't see why France should abandon tomorrow what I call her rights . . . because it is still her rights . . .

Close-up of Jean-Pierre, with Céline, attentive in the background.

JEAN-PIERRE: That this war has to end by means of negotiations is clear . . . every war ends by negotiations . . .

ROPHE: The G.P.R.A.²³ is probably not capable of stopping it himself.

JEAN-PIERRE: But that's not the point!

ROPHE: It absolutely is!

CELINE: But this war has to stop! . . .

Close-up of Régis, with insert of Céline.

REGIS: This war has been going on for six years, that's the first thing to be said, and people are always forgetting it . . . Saying that we're installed in a sort of mutual habit . . . a sort of resignation to a

23. Gouvernement Provisoire de la République Algérienne.—Ed.

state of fact. In fact there are crimes going on out there that are not by mistake . . . they're facts, and most people refuse to see them.

Medium close-up of Viguier, a cameraman, with Morin.

VIGUIER: There is an Algerian problem, and there is a student problem . . . the two problems have become mixed up, and that is an enormous problem, because it is a problem which touches you, particularly you young people, and what I reproach you for in this problem is for not playing your part . . . In my opinion you are not playing it because your hearts are not in it.

Close-up of Jean-Pierre, who is visibly wounded by Viguier's intervention.

JEAN-PIERRE: Yeah, but you're talking in the name of a myth of youth . . . you're talking more about a myth of youth! . . .

VIGUIER: There is no myth of youth . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: Yes there is! From your own lips we feel . . . I mean we hear the myth of youth . . . rising youth . . . glorious youth . . . active youth . . . aggressive youth . . . But why?

VIGUIER: Active youth . . . I'm all for it!

JEAN-PIERRE: But why? Just because we're twenty years old we can do anything? Because we're twenty we're available? But it's not true! . . .

VIGUIER: We all have rights.

EM: As far as this question of the war in Algeria is concerned, everyone is dirtied right now, even those who think they have clear-cut opinions . . . firm opinions . . . solutions . . . France is pretty dirty . . .

Close-up of Régis, turned toward Morin, with inserts of Céline, Rophé, and Morin.

REGIS: To get out of that mess you're so complacent in—

EM: I'm sorry, my friend . . .

REGIS: You have to carry your stone against the absurd, and that's a task each of us can do without worrying about the problems of the group. You don't start out from the group or from abstract words, you start out from what each person is. You've got to wager and you've got to make the French wager on the idea that men can finally put an end to this war.

Sound effects of machine-gun fire.

Succession of rapid close-ups of newspaper headlines: "The tough FLN men counter-attack," "Tight negotiations with FLN," "Negotiations broken at Melun," "Desperate messages from Whites in Congo," "100 Dead in Congo."

Racism in Question

The same restaurant terrace. Another day. Another table. Rouch, Morin, Marceline, Nadine, Jean-Pierre, Régis. And also Landry, and several other young Africans.

MARCELINE: Personally I would never marry a black.

JR: Why?

NADINE: For the children?

MARCELINE: No, not at all, absolutely not . . . not at all . . .

JR: Why?

Medium close-up from Marceline's profile and point of view. In the middle ground, turned toward her, are Jean Rouch and Landry.

MARCELINE: Well . . . why . . . Because for me it has nothing to do with . . . I'm not racist. I understand perfectly that one can love a black.

VOICES OFF-SCREEN: But . . . but . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: But! . . . But! . . . You don't like negroes . . .

MARCELINE: No, no that's not true . . .

JR: You're racist at a sexual level . . .

MARCELINE: No, I'm not racist in matters of . . . It's not racism. I cannot have . . . I can't have sexual relations with someone I don't find . . . I can't do it with someone I don't find attractive.

JR: So you don't find blacks attractive . . .

Insert close-up of Landry.

MARCELINE: For a long time I thought it wasn't possible, and I still think so . . . only because I don't want to . . . that's all . . . it's a question of desire . . . only, I remember, two years ago, on the fourteenth of July . . .

Laughter.

JR: Ah, ah . . .

VOICE OFF-SCREEN: A weakness?

MARCELINE: No, I didn't have . . . No, not at all . . . But I remember that for the first time . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: Be brave . . .

MARCELINE: . . . No . . . for the first time at a fourteenth of July ball, I danced with a black.

JEAN-PIERRE: And were you moved?

MARCELINE: And . . . the way he danced was so extraordinary . . .

JR: Come on, go ahead, . . . go on . . . go on . . . (laughter)

The framing favors Landry.

LANDRY: Fine . . . well here's why I don't agree . . . you see the . . . for example, the blacks who are in France, in general when they go to a dance, people like the way they dance . . . But I wish they'd

like blacks . . . for other reasons than the way they dance . . .

MARCELINE: But I agree completely.

Close-up of Morin in profile, looking toward the others from the far end of the table.

EM: Fine . . . but we're basically getting to the question that we're here for . . . I mean we're here to discuss the Congo . . . among our African friends . . . But before we discuss that . . . I wonder . . . in spite of the fact that for days now the press has been talking about these events in large headlines whether we in Paris . . . uh . . . whether we really feel concerned about this . . . I'd like to know whether Jean-Pierre, for example . . . whether Marceline . . . or Régis . . . feel concerned, and how they're concerned, about this . . .

Medium shot of Rouch and Régis from Jean-Pierre's point of view.

JEAN-PIERRE: I know that I felt concerned one time, quite physically because I was watching the TV news. And after the speaker showed a couple of pictures, announced a couple of events, he concluded by saying in a dry tone "we can see what these people are doing with their independence." . . .

Medium shot of Landry, with Jean Rouch and Nadine.

LANDRY: The Belgian arrived in the Congo . . . he said to himself . . . "Okay fine . . . money to be made." No, he didn't even say that. First of all, he said, "No elite, no worries." (*laughter*)

Close-up of Nadine, to two shot of Nadine and Landry.

JR: And you, Nadine. What do you think?

NADINE: I agree with Landry.

JR: You've been to Léopoldville . . .

NADINE: Yes, I've been to Léopoldville.

JR: For how long?

NADINE: For one year. I was a boarder with those nuns who were raped. (*She smiles, then is serious.*) No, it was horrible, I mean, because it's, the fact is that there the Africans were completely caged in. They were not allowed to come into certain areas. It was really horrible.

Profile close-up of Régis.

REGIS: Does a native of the Ivory Coast feel involved in this, as a black, because a black from the Belgian Congo is doing . . . I mean . . . Is there really a racial solidarity? Do you feel responsible, or not?

Close-up of Landry.

LANDRY: Oh yes . . . I feel responsible . . .

REGIS: Really?

Raymond, one of the young Africans, intervenes.

RAYMOND: It's true that you can reproach them for violence . . . but it's a question of anger . . .

Close-up of Landry.

LANDRY: It would be another story between Congolese and Ivorians . . . A Guinean, for example, would not feel engaged. But as soon as it's a white mistreating a black . . . you understand . . . I mean, all the countries, you see, the states of Africa were colonized . . . so as soon as they see a country mistreated by the whites . . . Well . . . immediately it's as if it was, you see, as if it was them who were suffering the pain of the others . . . so right away, it's like that!

Close shot of Marceline in profile.

MARCELINE: I understand that very well, because while the example is not completely, completely a good one . . . but if there is a manifestation of anti-Semitism in any country in the world . . . well, then I'm involved . . . I can't allow it . . . whether it be a German Jew, a Polish Jew . . . a Russian Jew . . . an American Jew . . . it's all the same, for me.

Medium close-up of Jean Rouch, panning to a two shot with Landry.

JR: We're going to ask Landry a question . . . Landry, have you noticed that Marceline has a number on her arm?

LANDRY: Yes.

JR: What is it, do you think?

LANDRY: No, I . . . I have no idea . . .

JR: No idea . . . Okay, and you, Raymond . . . what do you think?

RAYMOND: Well, I don't know exactly . . . I know that there are sailors who usually have numbers on their arms . . . and since she's not in the Navy . . .

JR: Why? So, what is it that . . . Why? Do you know more or less what it means?

REGIS: Affectation . . .

JR: Affectation?

RAYMOND: Maybe, yeah . . .

REGIS: But why a number, anyway? . . .

JR: Why a number?

MARCELINE: I could have put a heart?

JEAN-PIERRE: It could be her telephone number . . .

MARCELINE: I could have put a heart.

RAYMOND: That couldn't be a telephone number because it's too long . . . 78-750.

Close-up of Marceline's arm, then medium close-up of Marceline with Régis in the background.

MARCELINE: Well, first of all the . . . This isn't a V . . . it's a triangle that is half of the Jewish star . . . I don't know if you know the Jewish symbol that's a six-pointed star . . . And then the number . . . well, it's not my telephone number . . . uh . . . I was deported to a concentration camp during the war, because I'm Jewish, and this is a serial number that they gave me in that camp . . .

Quick pan to close-up of Landry, who lowers his eyes.

JR: So? . . .

RAYMOND: It's shocking . . .

MARCELINE: Raymond, do you know what a concentration camp is?

RAYMOND: Yes . . . yes . . . I saw a film . . . a film on them . . . on the concentration camps.

Close-up of Marceline's hand, stroking a flower.

REGIS: *Nuit et Brouillard, Night and Fog* . . .

RAYMOND: I think, *Night and Fog* . . . yeah . . .

Freeze frame of Marceline's hand.

La Concorde

The Place de la Concorde, almost deserted. It's the fifteenth of August, in the morning. From the center of the square, Marceline comes toward us, slowly. She is walking with eyes lowered, looking at the ground. We hear her voice, tired and sad.

MARCELINE: This Place de la Concorde is as deserted . . . as it was twenty years ago, fifteen years . . . I don't remember any more . . . Pitchipoi . . . You'll see, we'll go down there, we'll work in the factories, we'll see each other on Sundays, Papa said. And you, you would answer me, you're young, you will come back . . . me, I surely won't.

She is humming and walking faster. The camera continues to follow her in a backward traveling shot.

And then here I am now, Place de la Concorde . . . I came back, you stayed. (*She sighs.*) We'd been there six months before I saw you.

Close-up of Marceline, still walking.

We threw ourselves in each other's arms . . . and then . . . that filthy SS man who flung himself on me, who hit me in front of you . . . you said, "But that's my daughter—that's my daughter." Achtung! He threatened you with the same treatment . . . you had an onion in your hand, you put it in mine and I fainted . . .

Another scene. An intersection. Marceline walks at a distance from us. We hear her voice humming "Les grands prés marécageux" . . . She sighs.

Papa . . . When I saw you, you said "And Mama? And Michel?" you called me "your little girl" . . . I was almost happy . . . to be deported with you . . . I loved you so much . . .

We recognize the vaults of Les Halles. The camera, preceding her again, moves away from her quickly. Marceline is soon nothing more than a small, solitary silhouette in the empty market stalls, immense and dreary, yet we still hear her voice.

Oh Papa, Papa . . . How I wish you were here now . . . I lived through that thinking that you'd come back . . . When I came back it was tough . . . It was tough . . . (*She sighs.*) I saw . . . saw everyone on the station platform—Mama, everybody. They all kissed me. My heart felt like a stone. It was Michel who moved me. I said, "Don't you recognize me?" He said, "Yes, I think . . . I think you're . . . Marceline . . ." Oh Papa . . .

Black.

The Fourteenth of July

A festival setting. Nighttime ball at a street intersection. Brouhaha. Lights. Accordion music; waltz dancing. We recognize, among the dancing couples, Marceline and Jean-Pierre, and Marilou.



Marilou

Marilou Is Happy

A French window opening onto the street. It is daylight. Over this image we continue to hear the sounds of the fourteenth of July festival. We are inside a room. Edgar Morin approaches the window and closes it, at the same time cutting off the festive sounds. He comes back inside and we discover Marilou sitting nearby. Morin sits down facing her.

EM: Well, Marilou. It's been a month since we had this discussion together. And now it's August and, well, something has struck me . . . Two evenings ago we were walking down the street, and I was talking to you about a question in this film that I told you I had asked my friends Jacques and his wife. The question was "Are you happy?" and I told you that they had replied, "More or less," and you said, "Me too, I could answer 'More or less.' " And yet when I saw you, it must be . . . fifteen days ago, you were in fact quite depressed, you didn't seem at all well . . .

Silence. Marilou smiles.

Could you answer "More or less?"

Medium close-up, from Morin's point of view, of Marilou, whose voice trembles a bit.

MARILOU: Yes . . . once again I don't know what's happening to me . . . Like I didn't know the evening of the fourteenth of July. I had all the faces of all the people I ever knew coming toward me . . . I didn't know where to put them . . . and I believed everything was fucked up . . . I think I overcame a hurdle that night. Then there were one or two empty days . . . and then all of a sudden everything fell into place, I started seeing people again . . . I came out of the fantasy world and now everything has become so simple and easy! . . .

Close-up of Marilou as Morin asks the questions:

EM: All of this came abruptly? All by itself? . . . It happened all by itself? . . .

Marilou hides her face in her hands. Her smile fades, then returns; tilt to her hands, playing with a charm, then back to her face.

MARILOU: Ever since I started to have people around me . . . to feel a part of things, I have become ready . . . ready for everything, for . . . I don't know, for friendship . . . for love too . . .

EM: Is that what changed things?

Marilou's face becomes radiant. Her eyes sparkle. We can see that she is full of a joy that wants to explode, that she'd like to shout out, but that she is controlled.

MARILOU: Yes, that's it . . . that's it . . . But what's stronger than anything else . . .

Marilou buries her face in her hands again. A cloud of anguish passes over it.

is the fear, in spite of everything, it's the fear . . . like it's happened to me a thousand times, of again finding myself completely alone, completely alone, completely isolated . . .

EM: I don't think so.

Silent close-up of Marilou's face, which has become radiant again.

MARILOU: What do you want me to say . . . You can't talk about these things . . .

EM: No . . .

There follows a series of images of Marilou in the street, leafing through a newspaper as she walks, then throwing it away. The garret window of a little room, on a roof. Marilou pokes her head out and closes the window. In the room, Marilou and her friend are getting ready to go out. We follow them down the stairs, which they descend while playing with their hands on the banister. We end with shots of their hands clasped between them as they walk down the street.

Angélo Gets Pushed Around

Some shots of Angélo walking down the street. Off-screen voice of Jean Rouch, over inside close-up of Angélo.

JR: Angélo, Edgar tells me things aren't going well . . . What exactly is going on?

Close-up of Angélo, then of the group of Angélo-Morin-Rouch.

ANGELO: Well, now, at the shop . . . I'm . . . I mean . . . I went back to work after you left. They came up and they said, "They want you in the office." So I thought, first off . . . I thought it must be about some work problem. I said to myself, "Okay . . . I must have screwed up a series of pieces, so they're going to chew me out." But it wasn't that at all. They start to say this, I mean the boss says, "So we're making movies now." So I say, "I don't see what that's got to do with my work." He says, "Okay, let's forget it. That's not the problem. The problem is that we're going to change your shop assignment, we're going to put you someplace else because there's no work." And then they don't let up hassling me . . . I mean, yesterday the foreman came looking for me, and he says, like this, "Okay, you've got ten pieces to make . . . If you make me those ten pieces this morning, then fine, I'll leave you alone." So I made him the ten pieces, on the milling wheel, which was all fucked up . . . and when I finished these ten pieces, about one in the afternoon, he brings me twenty more and says, "You're here to work." So that was too much for me to take . . . I was going to punch him out, because I could see that he was just there to give me shit, so I took time off and left . . . I left because Jacques, you know, and Gontrand, he told me like, he told me . . . "You've got to get out of here, take some time off, go rest a bit, because if you don't you're really going to give them a hard time and at the moment you'd better not." And that's it . . .

JR: If you stay at Renault, what kind of future will you have?

ANGELO: Absolutely nothing.

Close-up of Angélo over the following:

JR: Someday you could be what, you could be a shop foreman?

ANGELO: Absolutely not, I haven't got a chance.

Catherine and Landry at
Saint Tropez



France on Vacation

PARIS

First some shots of factory workrooms. On the walls are hung signs on which we read "vive les vacances," "2 au jus" . . . Subway exits. Taxis. People loading cars. General atmosphere of a happy stampede. Followed by a silent shot of Edgar Morin, standing beside a sidewalk. He is reading a newspaper headline: "Desperate messages from Whites in Congo." . . . Near him is Marceline.

THE SEASHORE

A woman on water skis speeds toward us and collapses at the feet of the camera, which follows her, to reveal Landry and Nadine paddling around. Off-screen voice of Jean Rouch over image of Landry coming out of the water.

JR: And that's how Landry has become the black explorer of France on vacation.

THE BULLFIGHT

Arenas. Bullfight atmosphere. A crowd in the grandstand yells, gesticulates, applauds. We recognize Landry and Nadine. Close shot of Landry and Nadine commenting on the bullfight, amidst loud background ambience on the sound track.

LANDRY: This is horrible, horrible.

NADINE: So you see . . .

LANDRY: But look . . .

NADINE: Okay then . . . he stabs him in the neck . . . that's to finish him off.

LANDRY: Why? . . . Oh . . . ah!

NADINE: Oh!

[LANDRY: But what are the passes for? Does that tire the animal out or is it . . .

NADINE: No, it's the matador who . . .

LANDRY: . . . Ah . . . yes . . .

NADINE: Go on! . . .

LANDRY: Now I like this, I like the passes. You see, if everything could consist of just the passes, I would have liked it, but killing the animal, I'm not for that.

NADINE: But you've got to kill it . . .

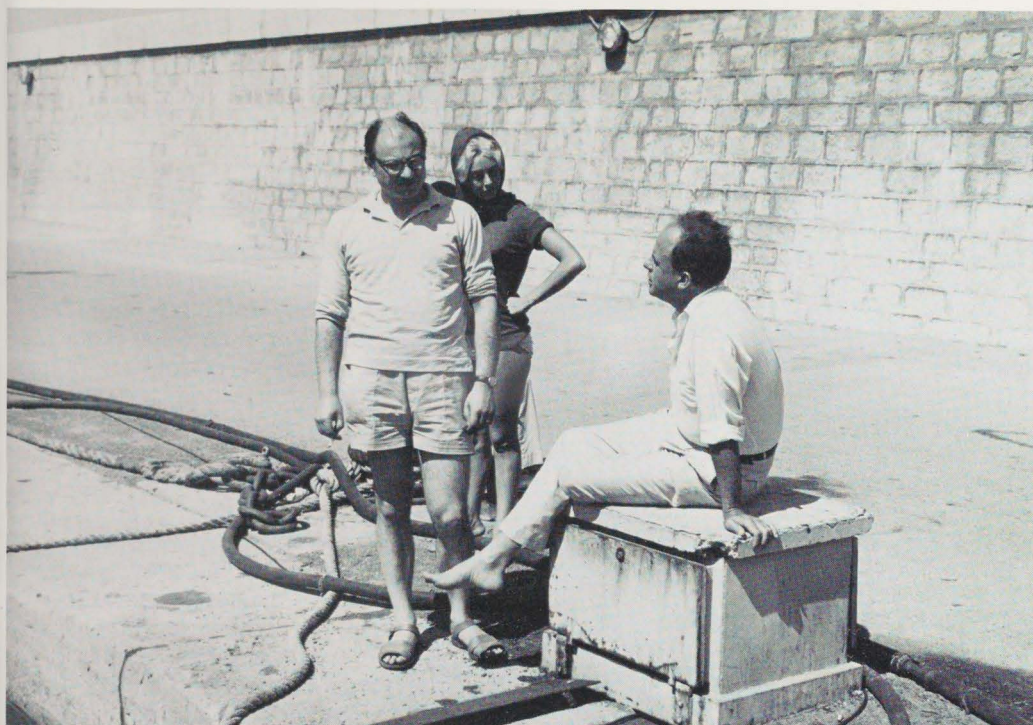
LANDRY: What do you mean you've got to? But those people down on the side, they're bloodthirsty. They're just waiting for him to kill the beast . . . the blood . . .

NADINE: No, no . . .

LANDRY: Oh yes they are . . .

NADINE: There are people who come just for that, but . . . doesn't that look good?]²⁴

24. The bracketed section here is dialogue that is included in the French book but does not appear in the English subtitled print of the film in U.S. distribution.—Ed.



Edgar Morin, Catherine,
and Jean Rouch at Saint
Tropez

**Close-up of Landry and Nadine intercut
with other spectators.**

LANDRY: Oh shit!
NADINE: Look, look! Oh that was marvelous . . . Bravo!
LANDRY: Here it is, here it is . . . watch it, watch it, this
is it . . . oh watch it, look out there! . . . Oh good,
he didn't get it then . . . look, oh . . . I like these
passes . . . I like these passes . . .
NADINE: It's beautiful, isn't it? Oh he's cute, I like him
a lot . . . Oh this is great!
LANDRY: That's fantastic . . . That's a sight to see, you
see, that's a sight to see . . . They came here to
see the beasts die, . . . and it's done! . . . Ah yes
. . . These are the pleasures . . . the pleasures of
life in the provinces.

The crowd in the grandstands.

SAINT TROPEZ

**Landry and Catherine (the water-skier) walk
slowly along the port.**

LANDRY: You see, Saint Tropez is a city, it's kind of a
village, too, it reminds me quite a bit of Black
Africa, you see the old houses, the red tiles, and
all that . . . Ah! Saint Tropez—they talk about it all
the time in my deep forest, in my African bush,
I've heard talk of Saint Tropez. I find it kind of cu-
rious that you see all the women in Saint Tropez
wearing bikinis, I mean they do everything to at-
tract attention.
CATHERINE: Yeah, and then they put on these outra-
geous outfits, with the excuse that they're in Saint
Tropez.

LANDRY: Exactly. And when I think that back home,
you know, in Africa when . . . because in certain
regions of Africa there are women who wear
leaves, you know, as panties.

CATHERINE: Yeah.

LANDRY: You see, and there are some colonials who
make fun of us, who make fun of these women,
but it's funny. You see, a woman in a bikini, she's
not hiding anything, a woman in a bikini.

**We see, as they do as they walk along, a
crowd of vacationers in shorts and bikinis,
crowding around a group of photographers
for whom a pretty girl poses while standing
in a boat tied up at the pier. Sophie, the
cover-girl, Catherine, Landry. Sophie is
explaining herself to Landry.**

SOPHIE: It's not much fun being a model, but I'm get-
ting used to it . . . I've got to make a living, and
publicity photos, they bring in a bit of money . . .
that's why I do it.

**All three are walking away from the port,
still talking, followed by the hoards armed
with cameras, bombarding Sophie.²⁵
A terrace. We find Morin, Rouch, Catherine,
Landry, Sophie.**

25. This scene is extended in the English subtitled print of the film
in U.S. distribution. Sophie continues to tell Landry and followers
how people like to have their picture taken with Saint Tropez
models to show their friends. One of the followers argues back that
this is a general view and that many people do not think this way.
Sophie protests, "only a minority . . ." at which point the follower
agrees, "The masses have not really advanced very far . . ."—Ed.



Sophie modeling at Saint Tropez; in the background, behind the camera, is Michel Brault

EM: Catherine, you're not saying anything . . .

CATHERINE: There are a lot of things I don't want to think about . . . I want to go swimming . . . go water skiing . . . and then, especially here . . .

EM: Okay, but I'd still like to hear our dear Sophie's opinion . . .

JR: You see, all these people talk about things . . . Do you really know Saint Tropez well?

Close-up Sophie on her first words, then we hear her voice off-screen, while in the picture we see her walking in Saint Tropez, crossing the deserted terrace of the Epi Club, then inside, then another terrace overlooking the beach, where Sophie arrives, sits in the sand, and begins to dip her feet in the edge of the water.

SOPHIE: I can't really say I know it very well, because you really need to have lived several months in a place to know it well . . . But, I mean . . . I came here last year . . . because I was doing some gigs in the casinos around here . . . and I had a little villa . . . Now, you know, in the street . . . we ask everybody, "So you're having a good time in Saint

Tropez?" So it sounds really good to answer, "We're really bored stiff here." It's a kind of snobism to answer "We're bored," because at the moment it's the rage to say "We're bored in Saint Tropez." . . . that's it . . . I mean, people are bored everywhere . . . but now if you're bored, it comes from yourself . . . Because you're . . . you have an internal, personal life . . . you're not bored any place . . . And here . . . there are lots of movie stars, and therefore lots of directors . . . so . . . all the little girls from Paris come down here with their little bikinis . . . their tight little pants . . . yeah . . . yeah, sure, always very simple . . . and their little low-cut strapless bras . . . their long hair . . . their eyeliner, y'know, their eyelashes like this . . . right in style . . . So they always hope they're going to meet some director . . . Naturally . . . They've got everything . . . except a head with a bit of brains . . . Of course, that's not given to everybody . . . (laughter) . . . right, Marceline? So then fine . . . What more can I tell you now? . . . That Saint Tropez is really a charming place . . . with incredible countryside . . . Of course, it's a shame there are all these people here . . . But these people are other places, too . . . So why be against Saint Tropez? . . . Me personally, I'm not bored in Saint Tropez . . . So there . . .

Irène and Véronique

Saint Tropez. Sitting at a table in a garden are Edgar Morin and his two daughters, Véronique (age twelve) and Irène (age thirteen).

Alternating close-ups during the dialogue.

EM: You know that Rouch and I, we're making a film. It's called "How you live."

IRENE: Yeah, I've heard some vague mention of it.

EM: Okay, so here's the problem: We don't agree because Rouch thinks that life is funny, and I think that life is not so funny.

IRENE: You're kidding . . . That's a bit much . . . I think that, on the contrary, I think that Rouch is right.

EM: Life is funny?

IRENE: Yeah.

EM: Why is it funny?

IRENE: Well, . . . Maybe I said that because we're on vacation, now that I think about it.

EM: And besides vacation?

IRENE: Well, besides vacation . . .

VERONIQUE: Besides vacation . . . oh . . . we don't know much about it. We're not in your position . . .

IRENE: Well, I don't know . . . You go out in the evening with Mama, isn't that fun?

VERONIQUE: But why do you find life sad all of a sudden?

Jean-Pierre, Marceline,
and Landry at Saint Tropez



Landry arrives and comes to sit with them.

EM: Ah, here's a friend, Landry.

LANDRY: Hello, Morin.

EM: But I think you, that . . . you . . . you don't know much about the life of . . . French children? . . .

LANDRY: No, not a thing.

EM: These two girls here, twelve, thirteen years old . . . it must surprise you to see them? It must not be like this back home in Ivory Coast?

Medium three-shot of Landry facing Morin, with Véronique between them.

LANDRY: Oh no, back home it's not like this . . . You know . . . Where I live a girl starts living when she's, already when she's six years old.

Close-up of Landry.

And even when I was seven years old I already knew how to cook.

Irène faces Landry; camera pans to Landry in close-up for his response.

IRENE: Well we only do work for school.

VERONIQUE: We don't work for our parents.

IRENE: Of course, we clear the table once in a while, we do things like that, but not very often.

LANDRY: And that's a mistake. You have to learn. You can't be content with an easy life . . . you know . . . Because you have to realize that later, you see, you'll have to do more in life than just clear tables.

On the Bottom of the Sea

The jetty at Saint Tropez.²⁶ Marceline and Jean-Pierre are alone. Behind them, the sea.

JEAN-PIERRE: I'm going to change places . . . because this annoys me . . . I can't talk to you and see the sea at the same time, and if it doesn't bother you, I like to see the water, I mean the bottom of the sea, you're beautiful . . . there's a tragic side . . .

MARCELINE: You're kidding . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: It suits your face . . .

MARCELINE: You're saying that to make me happy . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: You always think I'm a bastard with you . . . that I'm always trying to . . . You were saying a while ago that I wanted to win you back . . . that I spend my time trying to seduce you . . . I mean it's absurd . . .

MARCELINE: You spend your time trying to seduce others . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: No, no . . .

26. In the French text the following note appears: "This scene is not included in some copies of the film in distribution but is normally part of the film." The scene is cut from English subtitled prints in U.S. distribution.—Ed.

MARCELINE: Oh yes you do.

JEAN-PIERRE: No, it's just that I . . . that I . . . I mean, yes . . . no . . . no . . . You don't seem to understand that we're not all on the same rhythm . . . for a month and a half you've been working . . . you've been sweating it out in Paris . . . a shitty month of August . . . miserable . . . and me, for a month and a half I've been living a totally different lifestyle . . .

MARCELINE: And how have you been living?

JEAN-PIERRE: Differently . . . A young man's vacation, you know . . .

MARCELINE: I understand that perfectly, but . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: No, you don't understand anything . . . because you don't understand that I was fed up . . . completely fed up . . . uh . . . I was fed up with you . . .

MARCELINE: Yeah, but I was fed up with—

JEAN-PIERRE: I was fed up with you . . . with the shitty life we were both leading . . .

MARCELINE: I had hoped in coming here . . . hoped to be able to really talk to you . . . to talk to you about myself . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: But that's it, exactly . . .

MARCELINE: But you don't accept me as I am . . . you don't accept how I am . . . You allow me nothing . . . you spend all your indulgence on yourself . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: But you expect me to be . . . I mean, I don't know . . . When I'm not there . . . you dream of me . . . but I think you're really dreaming about somebody else . . . you know . . . I'm sick of it . . . sick of you . . . sick of you . . . Ever since I've been living with you it's been the same thing . . . we just look at each other . . . with the result being that I haven't done a thing for two years . . . I'm bored to death . . . I don't see the world any more . . . I don't see things . . . I've become incapable of seeing them . . . completely perverted . . . I want to look at them . . . I want to be young, and when you're like you are now, you prevent me from being . . . You're not always like that, but for a while now you've been more and more . . . I don't know if it's because you feel closed in . . . I don't know if it's because you feel me sliding away . . . but I can't stand it . . . Have you noticed?

MARCELINE: I don't know what you expect of me . . . I don't understand . . . I search . . . I search . . . I can't find any explanation that fits . . . and then when you talk to me, things go from bad to worse . . . uh . . . as though whatever I thought didn't exist any more . . . you know . . . I mean, like, two days ago I was drunk . . . drunk because of you, in fact . . . I had been drinking because of you . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: Oh, I know, but . . .

MARCELINE: When you came back to that room you were horrible to me . . . you . . . I don't know . . . you said things that I've never heard from a man before . . . But there was also a time, Jean-Pierre, where you spent your time challenging me . . . running after girls . . .

JEAN-PIERRE: But I don't challenge you any more . . .

MARCELINE: Did you love me?

JEAN-PIERRE: Yeah, there was . . . there was a . . .

MARCELINE: Do you think you still love me?

JEAN-PIERRE: I don't know . . . Anyway, it's no use.

Milly

A corner of Fontainebleau forest: a rock-bound clearing. Angélo, his friend Jacques Mothet, and Jacques's wife, Maxie, and several children are finishing a picnic. Joyful atmosphere.

A LITTLE GIRL: No, we don't want to go look for mushrooms!

OTHER GIRLS: No I don't want to go look for mushrooms! We don't like mushrooms! Besides, I said something! Ouah!

ANGELO (*singing*): I know the way to annoy people.

A LITTLE GIRL: You know the way to annoy people?

Angélo and Jacques go over to the rocks. Following Jacques, Angélo attempts to scale them. His efforts are clumsy, his feet unsure. Jacques encourages him with words and gestures.

JACQUES: There! Like that . . . maybe you're a bit small . . . Go on! go on! Put your foot there! . . . put your foot on the thing, Angélo! . . . Angélo! . . . put your foot there as soon as you . . .

Maxie, Jacques's wife, intervenes off-screen.

MAXIE: Tell him to take it Dulfer style . . .

JACQUES: Huh?

MAXIE (*off-screen*): He should take it Dulfer style . . .

JACQUES: That's it! Okay, Angélo . . . you put your foot there and there immediately, you see . . . right away you're going to put it on the other . . . push it, your foot . . . push it . . . ah! . . . ah! Angélo! There . . . go ahead, put your foot there, the other foot . . . no, no! He's putting it higher! . . .

MAXIE: Not so high!

JACQUES: He's putting it higher . . . idiot! idiot! . . . lower! lower, here, your foot! . . . on the divide . . . there . . . look here . . . Angélo! Look how stupid he is . . . that's it . . . now put your foot there . . . the step! the step, Angélo! . . .

MAXIE (*off-screen*): Angélo! That's it!

Angélo, not without difficulty, finally makes it to the top of the rock. He is only half-satisfied.

ANGELO: No . . . I could never do it because you were always bitching down there.

JACQUES: But I'm bitching because you're stupid . . . otherwise I wouldn't bitch . . . You've got . . . you have . . . you've got much more strength in your arms than I do . . .

Saying this, Jacques slaps Angélo's arm lightly, and Angélo staggers as they go down toward the clearing and approach the foot of the rocks.

JACQUES: You know, you've got one thing: you don't know where you're putting your feet, you don't know how to use your feet. You know how to use your arms, you don't know how to use your feet . . .

The children in turn try to climb the rocks. One boy comes down by rappelling.

JACQUES: Okay, who's next?

Carine, Jacques's daughter, steps up.

CARINE: My turn.

We find Carine clinging to the face of the rock, rope in hand. Her father, up above, guides her descent.

JACQUES: Carine! Take your foot out of there and you grab the rope behind you . . . Take your hand out of there . . . and take your rope and push yourself! and let yourself go! You take that rope . . . push yourself away from the rock, yes, yes! away from the rock! . . . from the rock . . . Don't be afraid . . . go on!

MAXIE (off-screen): Your father is there, honey . . .

There's nothing to be afraid of . . .

JACQUES: Push yourself away from the rock! . . .

ANGELO (off-screen): Go on . . . knock . . . Mothet!

JACQUES: Push away from the rock! Ah now there . . . she must have it.

MAXIE (off-screen): She's got it . . .

ANGELO: She's got it, Mothet.

JACQUES: Okay, go on . . . take your hand out of there . . . that's it! Go on . . . push yourself away! push away! Jump a little . . . move away from the rock . . . let go with your hands . . .

VOICE (off-screen): She's got it . . . she's got it in back there, the rope!

JACQUES: What a goof! Put your hand in back of you . . . put your hand back . . . grab the rope . . . no! . . . the rope behind you! . . . grab the rope behind you! . . . right there . . . closer! . . . on that side . . . Ah!

Jacques kicks Carine's hand lightly on the side where the rope is hanging.

MAXIE: Now don't go brutalizing the kid . . . there . . .

JACQUES: Go on, go ahead, go ahead . . . go on, let go, let yourself slip a bit, let yourself slip a little, that's it! with your other hand . . . Carine, your other hand, behind you . . . take that rope there . . . not that one!

VOICE (off-screen): No! that one . . . Carine! . . .

A hand holds up the rope, but Carine remains riveted to her rock, slightly dazed . . .

JACQUES: Oh! What do you do with kids like that!

Jacques, disappointed, gives up the struggle. Carine ends up grabbing hold of the famous rope and tries to use it to help her descend. But she maneuvers badly and slips toward the ground all of a sudden, amidst great laughter.

CARINE: I'm going to take a nap . . .

Everyone has regrouped in the clearing. The children have formed a choir and are singing. The voices of the adults mingle with those of the children.

So pretty and sweet, gorse flowers they're called
tell me where you see them
—where do you see them?—

In the town of the millers' wives
That is called the Land of Love
—the Land of Love—

On the edge of the clear-watered spring
Gorse flowers ever singing
—ever singing—

And the little white collars
Of the whole Breton countryside
—Breton countryside—

As they sing, they offer each other fruit. Angélo, squatting near the children, seizes a bunch of grapes with his mouth. On this image, in close up, we leave the Milly clearing.

Truth in Question

We hear for a moment more the song of the Milly picnickers, as the beam of a projector lamp appears on the screen, shining across the room plunged in obscurity. Then the song ends, the beam goes out, light returns to the room revealing the characters of "Chronique

d'un été," who have just seen the projection of certain sequences of their film, alongside Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch. Close-ups of different people as they respond.

- JR: You've just seen yourselves on the screen . . . Edgar and I would like to know your opinions. First the children: Véro, do you like what you saw?
- VERONIQUE: Oh well, it's not as good as Chaplin, but you know . . .
- EM: So what's your impression, in the end?
- VERONIQUE: I don't know . . . explain it to me!
- EM: There's nothing to explain. Some people say it's not true, others say it's true.
- VERONIQUE: Say what's not true? I mean, you can't lie in front of a camera . . .
- JACQUES: In fact most every time anybody wanted to express themselves, they often spoke in generalities, and in life you don't just speak in generalities.
- EM: An example . . . an example . . . an example! . . .
- JACQUES: The discussion between Angélo and Landry is a discussion with lots of generalities.
- NADINE: On the contrary, it's fantastic when he says to Landry I like you a lot; it's because there was a contact . . . You know . . . they have the same problems, Angélo and . . .
- MARCELINE: You cannot say they have the same problems, it's not true.
- NADINE: There's a human contact between the two of them. You might say they discovered each other . . .
- MARCELINE: They got along very well.
- GABILLON: It's a meeting of two sensibilities.
- EM: For me, it's the scene with the most . . . excuse me . . . it's the truest scene we did, because there's a friendship which forms right there, before our eyes.
- JACQUES: You say there's empathy between Angélo and Landry, that's obvious; that's not what I'm saying: it's that all that isn't natural, it's not natural and it's artificial, you know . . .
- ANGELO: I don't agree, because when there was the scene with Landry, I didn't know Landry, I didn't know a thing about him. And then it turned out that when I talked with him, I didn't see the cameras anymore, I didn't see them anymore, the cameras. It was only the problem that concerned me.
- JEAN-PIERRE: If you examine everything we saw there, I mean, I find this film infinitely irksome because a part of what we saw is totally boring, and what isn't boring, is undeniably so at the price of a great deal of immodesty.

MARILOU: It seems to me that in the end, to have a tiny spark of truth the character usually has to be . . . I mean, it's not a rule . . . alone and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I mean when he's talking about something that has touched him profoundly.

MAXIE: By that system you could only get scenes that were artificial or scenes that would be . . . but, and not only would they be, but they are, straight out, that are shameless. I agree with him; they are immodest. And at the beginning, when you asked whether we now wanted to get to know these people, well, for me, there's a certain number of people here, please excuse me, whom I have absolutely no desire to meet after this film, and among others, I confess that Marilou . . . it would really embarrass me . . . it would embarrass me because she told us too many things, she revealed too much of herself.

MME. GABILLON: I think Marilou was really extraordinary, and all I want right now is to get to know her.

EM: Maxie's suggestions sounded monstrous to me, and really, for me, hers are reactions which are against the emergence of truth in the world, in social life, in people's lives or in life among people.

REGIS: Marilou, confronted by the camera, no longer acts. She plays a role not of inhibition, but rather of self-searching. For Marceline it's exactly the same thing; she speaks to herself, and it's in this sense that it embarrasses us, because we feel that it concerns her alone, and yet it is because of this that we are extremely, even completely taken in.

JEAN-PIERRE: If the sequence of Marceline is much more perfect than the others . . . you say that it is truer than truth . . . it's because she is acting.

MARCELINE: They were extremely intimate memories, the most pervasive memories I have, but, if you will, when I said those words, I was recalling things . . . at the moment I said them, I said them with feelings, but I was absolutely not involved with those feelings between shootings, or else I should have been . . . like Marilou said a minute ago, and that's why I don't agree with her at all . . . on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that wasn't the case.

REGIS: What is really beautiful in this film is that we go from a naturalness which, in the end, is quite false, for example, a conversation in the street which means absolutely nothing, to a close-up of Marilou which never quite makes it, and which is extremely beautiful and which is no doubt much more true, and it's this transition from one to the other which gives all the interest to this film.



Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch during the filming of their final dialogue at the Musée de l'Homme

Self-Criticism

In the hall of the Musée de l'Homme, Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch are alone. They walk up and down among the glass cases.

JR: So, Edgar, what do you think of this screening?

EM: Well, I think it's interesting because, all things considered, everything that has been said can be summed up in two things: either the characters are reproached for not being real enough, for example, Jacques reproaches Angélo for being sort of a actor when he's with Landry, or else they are reproached for being too real, like when Maxie, Jacques's wife, reproaches Marilou for laying herself bare before the camera. What does this mean? This means that we arrive at a certain degree where we investigate a truth which is not the truth of everyday relations . . . We've gone beyond that. As soon as people are a little more sincere than they are in real life, others say either "You're a ham, an actor," or else they say, "You're an exhibitionist."

JR (off-screen): Yeah . . .

They have stopped walking and face each other. The camera frames Morin alone, then they start walking again.

EM: So that's the fundamental problem, because us, what we wanted . . . if people think that these are actors or exhibitionists, then our film is a failure. And at the same time I can say that I know, that I feel that they are neither actors nor exhibitionists.

JR: Only one can't be sure of that.

EM: For whom?

JR: They themselves can't know. You understand when, for example, Marceline says she was acting on the Place de la Concorde . . . we were witnesses? . . .

EM: Yes . . .

JR: She wasn't acting!

EM: If she was acting, you could say it was the most authentic part of herself when she was talking about her father . . . It's not an act, you know, you can't call that an act . . .

JR: Of course . . .

EM: That is to say, this film, as opposed to ordinary cinema, reintroduces us to life. People approach the film as they do everyday life, that is, they aren't guided, because we have not guided the spectator . . . we have not told him, "So and so is kind, so and so is nasty, so and so is a nice guy, so and so is intelligent." And so, confronted with these people that they could meet in real life, they are disarmed, they feel that they themselves are implicated, they feel concerned and they try to resist that.

JR: Yeah, right.

EM: There are others who are moved by this. What struck me is that there are people who, for example, were very affected by Marilou, others who are very moved by Marceline, others by Jean-Pierre, others by Angélo . . . I mean that to some degree, I think that at least some of what we wanted to do is going to get across.

JR: And you, are you moved?

EM: Me, well, I mean . . . the number of times we've seen the film ends up attenuating the emotions, but me . . . in the end I am very moved. I'm affected right now in another way. At the beginning, if you will, I thought that everyone would be moved by this film, and to see now that people that I like very much, like Marilou and Marceline, are criticized, well that upsets me, that bothers me. I believed the viewer would like the characters that I liked.

Both of them walk away toward the end of the hall, turning their backs to the camera, which stays immobile. Only their voices stay close. Soon they appear to be very far away.

JR: In other words, we wanted to make a film of love, and we end up at a sort of film of indifference, or in any case in which . . . no, not indifference . . .

EM: No, people do react . . .

JR: . . . by reaction, and by reaction which is not necessarily a sympathetic reaction.

EM: That's the difficulty of communicating something. We are in the know . . . ²⁷

The Champs-Élysées. Edgar Morin on the edge of the sidewalk, waves his hand and walks up toward l'Etoile. Over images of passersby who walk past him and hide him, we hear the attentive voices of Marceline and Nadine, as though echoing . . .

Are you happy?

Are you happy, Sir?

Are you happy, Ma'am?

Are you happy? . . . happy?

27. "Nous sommes dans le bain." The idiom means to have one's hand in things, to be implicated; the English subtitles translate this last comment as "We're in for trouble," thus closing the film with a rather different tone than what is implied by Morin.—Ed.

End Titles

Participants in the film:

Marceline; Marilou; Angélo; Jean-Pierre

Workers:

Jacques, Jean

Students:

Régis, Céline, Jean-Marc, Nadine, Landry, Raymond

Employees:

Jacques, Simone

Artists:

Henri, Maddie, Catherine

A cover-girl:

Sophie

and various unknown people encountered in Paris

Photography:

Roger Morillère, Raoul Coutard, Jean-Jacques Tarbès, Michel Brault

Assistants:

Claude Beausoleil and Louis Boucher

Lighting:

Moineau and Crétaux

Sound:

Guy Rophé, Michel Fano, Barthélémy

Production Director:

André Heinrich

Production Secretary:

Annette Blamont

Editors:

Jean Ravel, Nina Baratier, Françoise Colin

This film was made with the assistance of the Comité du Film Ethnographique, Musée de l'Homme, and with the help of the Kinotechnique team of André Coutant.

Laboratory:

Eclair

Mix:

Simo-Jean Neny

Production:

Argos Films (Anatole Dauman and Philippe Lifchitz)

A film by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin

Film Control Visa # 23.792

The Point of View of the "Characters"

We presented the principal participants of *Chronique d'un été* with the following questionnaire:

- (1) What were your feelings during the making of the film? Did you feel that you were interpreting a role? Were you bothered by the presence of the camera? by the method of the "authors?" Or, on the contrary, did you have the feeling of surrendering yourself totally and sincerely?
- (2) Do you think that some other method of inquiry, of "attack," might have achieved a greater degree of truth? What, for example?
- (3) Does the definitive representation given of you in the film seem true to what you really are and to what your real preoccupations are? If not, how does it differ?
- (4) Do you think that some of the scenes which were shot but which don't appear in the public version of the film could give a more exact image of you?
- (5) Is there anything in what you did or said in front of the camera that you disavow, that does not correspond to what you judge to be your truth? What? Why?
- (6) On the other hand, is there anything that you did not show or say in front of the camera, something that is important to you, which you think is essential for someone to know you, and that you would have liked to express? If so, what?
- (7) Do you know the other participants in the film? Does the image which it gives of them conform to the one you had and have of them yourself? Is it rather more real, less real, or simply different? In what way?
- (8) Did the fact that you participated in this film modify your way of living, your way of thinking, your idea of yourself? How so?
- (9) Do you regret this experience? Are you happy with it? Does it seem to have been useful to you?
- (10) What, in your opinion, is the true contribution of this film?
- (11) To the question "Are you happy?" what would you respond today?

The responses we received to these questions from Jacques Gabillon, Landry, Mme. Gabillon, Angélo, and Marceline follow.

Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch

Jacques Gabillon

- (1) Favorable sentiment; excitement at the prospect of participating in something new, if not of escaping daily mediocrity for a while. Rediscovering Edgar Morin, making new acquaintances.

No discomfort in front of the camera; however, felt the impression of finding myself "brutalized" by the leader of the game (here I rejoin the criticism of a certain conception of modesty). In any case, there intervenes, along with dignity, the internal freedom to reject or accept. As for me, I could not give myself over completely; more precisely, I did not attempt to break out of the particular frame that Morin had placed me in. Why?

Edgar Morin had solicited me personally. Since he addressed (my wife) Simone as well, the method of "attack" no longer involved merely the worker living in the new apartment, but the couple.

And this brings me to the following question:

- (2) To my understanding, it is now less a matter of method of "attack" than of its objective: since I am no longer individually solicited, I must keep in mind conjugal relations. This is why I could not "give" what was expected of me.
- (3) I think the personal truth of the characters is found to be limited, in that, with cutting and editing, the directors were able to bend the meaning of the whole with regard to the particular truth . . . Whatever it may be, it must not be forgotten that the characters clarify each other, one after the other, and that as a last resort, the truth is only really achieved by means of cinematographic vision. But there also lies the force of impact.
- (4) There are scenes that were filmed which do not figure in the screened version of the film. There are also scenes which could have been filmed.

In the first case, it was only a matter of useless chatter to cover up uneasiness. As for what could have been done, it would have required that the camera penetrate into my little world of anachronistic bureaucracy at SNCF, with its grotesque silhouettes and general greyness. The camera would have had to tune in to capture the aftereffects of the ordeal of deportation with the subsequent decline, and not the militant who never much existed, and finally to throw a violent light on what had inevitably remained in the shadow, understanding that the camera will more quickly uncover a wound than evoke the humiliation or simple paltriness of daily life. Moreover, in that moment of refuge in the apartment, with the friendly presence of the old collected books and records, after our Spanish vacation (which left us, after all, with more than

just photos) the singular duality of the character that is me could have revealed its fundamental truth, no doubt inadequate at the present moment, that is to say, the moment in question.

- (5) Nothing to be disavowed, as far as the part of the filming which was used is concerned, this being pertinent only as a prefatory comment.
- (6) What is essentially lacking to a full understanding of me is as much the result of a certain dissimulation of my personality. It's why I don't assume what I really am, what's deep within me. Here enters the "pathology" of the wounded idealist, of the ex-concentration camp internee, coming to grips with the reality of a society to which he is poorly adapted, a society which, in fact, repudiates him and has, up till now, assailed his greatly diminished vitality. What is pathetic in my adventure is that for long years, the scream that was tearing me apart never left my throat. I no longer had the energy to scream.
- (7) I only knew Edgar Morin, his insatiable curiosity, his interest in my situation. Did he want to attack my inhibition or provoke some brutal change in this condition which I endure with such difficulty? An "old accomplice," as I've already said somewhere, in the course of a presentation. However, I did not know the other collaborators in the film, people from his circle or those who evolved around the group. Ecclecticism in the choice of the collaborators? in the choice of "patients?" Not so much. Under varied social trappings lies a common way of reacting to life. Angélo, the worker breaking the proletariat, is the counterpart of the others. On Marceline's shelves I noticed, unsurprisingly, many of the titles which figure in Morin's library or in my own collection of books which marks my first years of reading. But could we do otherwise? It is a question here of wheedling an acceptance to participate in an operation which was, after all, delicate, but where that acceptance was the natural result of long conversations in the past and of friendship.

I knew nothing about Jean Rouch until after the film was made. Jean Rouch is essentially a temperament which revealed itself under the African sun, among the blacks. You have to have seen him working, at ease with everyone, knowing how to gain confidence with a direct approach, a simple friendly gesture, toward the patient that he is about to "operate on." I am sorry that the camera was never turned toward him, to capture the instants when, sitting cross-legged on the floor at my house, he played to gain my son's confidence. *Chronique d'un été* being a team effort, the camera could have

given us some other quality images, notably those which would have shown Jean Rouch at work with his operative grin!

- (8) Participating in the film did not change my way of thinking, even less my way of living. It did, however, constitute a landmark in my life where, even now, more trust has entered it.
I mean, it's amusing: a certain shade of me is shown by the screen, with my accent with muffled southern intonation which I never suspected. And that intimate mobility of the face with its southern fluency, while I always thought of myself as a northerner!
- (9) I am highly satisfied with the experience; the usefulness of the film which is really pertinent to a period which is troubled and alarming on many counts.
- (10) This experience may not always have attained its ambitions, but the partial truth—those instants of truth captured in Marilou's shattered self, Marceline's secret complexion liberated by memories—all of this cannot leave you insensitive. Sometimes it's unbearable, but often thrilling. And then it's also the film of life in the Parisian melting pot, with its "aggressions" against everyday life: rapid "unscrewing" to him who doesn't recognize it in time!
- (11) To this question I had answered "more or less happy." What else could I reply? Because in the meantime nothing has really changed.

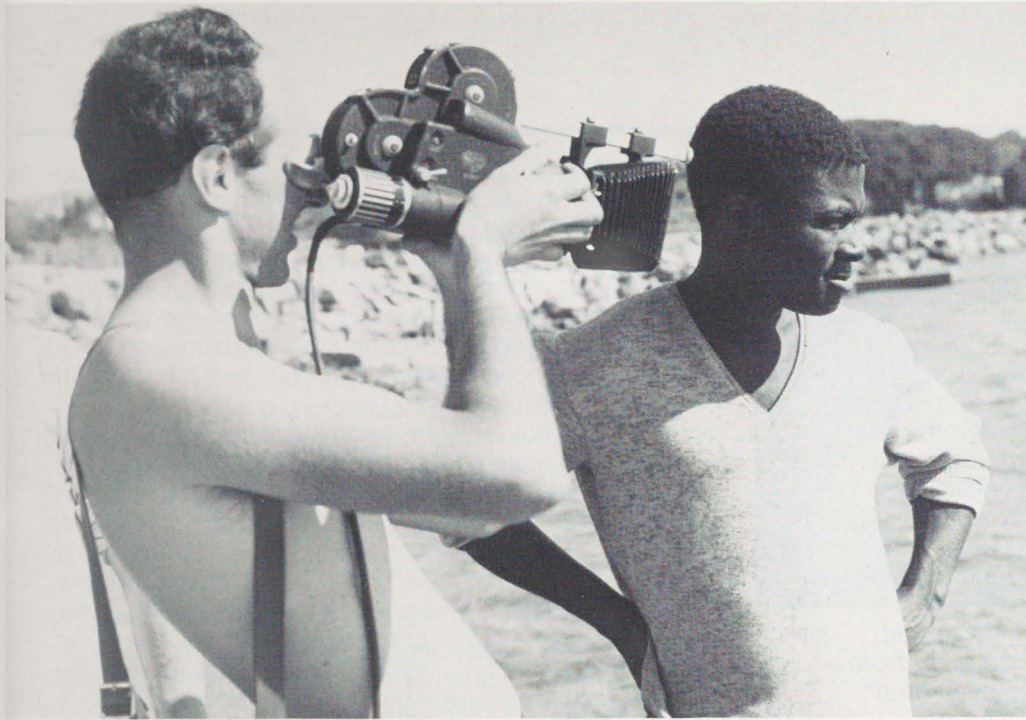
Landry

- (1) A feeling of unsettledness, a certain fear of not being able to stay myself until the end. I was not at all bothered by the camera because, first of all, this was my second experience of "cinéma-vérité"; and then when you're wrapped up in something, really wrapped up, cameras, technicians, all that stuff becomes a part of some other universe than your own.

I worked with Rouch because I like what he does. When I start working with him, I know in advance that there will be a camera hidden somewhere, but I also know that Jean is ready to spend ten reels on me if I want to talk to him about my mother for those ten reels.

Surrendering myself entirely? I don't know if I surrender myself entirely, but what I know is that at the moment I say everything I have to say, without deceit, out of honesty to Jean, who allows me the most total freedom.

- (2) I think that this form of cinema demands of us who wish in some way "to offer our truth," a certain portion of honesty. First of all toward our director and then toward the public who must not see us as exhibitionists. And then for me, I'm not



Michel Brault films Landry at the beach

used to mincing words; I say what I've got on my mind; I'm like that, take it or leave it. So for me all methods of attack are worthwhile, on the condition that they leave the individual complete freedom of expression and of manifestation of his personality.

- (3) *Chronique d'un été*: It's me during that summer of 1960, discovering the Riviera which I had only heard of through the scandals of Mme. Carmen Tessier; it's me seeing for the first time the running of the bulls at Bayonne; it's me surprised to see the slightly-too-scant attire of girls on vacation, which is barely different from the attire of our African women before the era of civilization; it's me discussing with Angélo, making the statements I always make whenever anyone asks me if I have complexes. Of course, you can't call the first things I've cited "preoccupations," but my discussion on the terrace, and my discussion with Angélo are my preoccupations because they are permanent states in me.
- (4) As far as I'm concerned, I think that everything important I had to say in this film is there, since it was not really a question of me. I only had to serve as a catalyst to Angélo, and if, in the end, Angélo and I got around to the problem of inferiority complexes it's simply because we felt so close to each other that he had a need to know who I really was and what I was thinking. But I would have liked them to keep certain sections where Raymond and I talk about what we think of marriage between blacks and whites, because I think white women are often asked what they think of mixed marriages, but young

Africans are not often asked what they think about it. Mixed marriage is a danger of which certain of us are conscious. There are a lot of blacks who do not set their sights on a white woman, blacks who are ill at ease going out with a white woman, in the interest of that white woman herself; certain blacks who seek a white woman's pure, true friendship, in no way connected with any sexual need. Now the young African student goes to look for his bride in Africa. I mean all these problems which have arisen since Black Africa's accession to independence; certain realities which escape a large part of the white masses.

- (5) My own truth is one, and not double; when I have the chance to say it, I say it, and I will not renounce it because it shocks or because people might think it debatable or false. From the moment when I figure I'm being honest with myself, to hell with "What will they say?"!
- (6) I would really have liked to say more about mixed marriage and the worker situation in my country; to express myself more fully on the problem of the Congo; also to express myself more fully on this delicate problem they call the "skin complex." But I think that would have required a whole film just about me, while *Chronique d'un été* is a film on the life of people in general.
- (7) I'm going to take the participants of the film in order, and classify them as to whether they were close to me:

Marilou: The friendship between me and Marilou was born, I think, without even the directors knowing about it. The first evening I saw her, Marilou gave me the impression of a lost girl who was actually looking for herself. She was tense, nervous, in her every gesture and movement. I think she was very impressed by my "kindness," and we got along from that very evening. Afterward I often went to see her at "Cahiers du Cinéma"; she even helped me out of my bad period. Then I went on vacation. When I came back I found Marilou distinctly more radiant than she was that first evening. So we went out for a drink in a café near the Champs-Élysées. Marilou talked to me as though I were a brother, a relative, and told me that she was now better than before and that she had found happiness. Since then Marilou and I have remained friends, and I often go to see her at her job. I saw her two sequences with Morin a long time after they were shot (because we were not allowed to see the rushes) and absolutely nothing surprised me. Without pretending to have been a determining factor in Marilou's life, I do think I helped her a bit.

Next comes Angélo. My friendship with Angélo was born in front of the camera; it is nonetheless real and sincere. And just as Angélo currently has a photo enlargement of the two of us next to his phone at home, I have one too, covering a full page of my photo album. You have to see Angélo to really recognize that he is in real life just what he was trying to be in the film. Angélo truly did not like the situation he was put in at Renault, and he'll say so to anyone who cares to listen. But besides that he is a good guy, extremely sensitive. It's very easy to communicate with him, and he is very sensitive to the friendship felt toward him; it bursts out on the screen, I think.

Marceline: She aroused different sentiments in me. Emotion when I learned for the first time that she was a deportee. And then she impressed me so much by the way she reclinced that moral slope. I would have been marked by that for the rest of my life. And then, finally, pity, because it must be said that all that self-assurance, that trust Marceline had in the future, was all conditioned by her happiness with Jean-Pierre; a happiness which was falling apart in spite of all the directors' efforts to permit these two young people to get back together. But the drama of Marceline and Jean-Pierre was beyond me, and, as I never had the chance to communicate with either of them, I never really felt close to them like I did with Marilou and Angélo.

- (8) This film changed nothing in my way of life, because I am, if you will, as much a "spectator" in this film as anyone else.
- (9) I in no way regret this experience, and I would start it all over if I had it to do again. I am pleased with it because it allowed me to discover two friends who are still friends, and God only knows that you can't buy real friends at the flea market.
- (11) I will not really be happy until the moment when I will have consolidated all these little transitory satisfactions which I have at the present moment.

Simone Gabillon

- (1) A very happy sensation. The daily routine was broken. No doubt at the beginning the camera was a bit intimidating, but mostly because of the heat of the lights. In the end I got used to it. On top of that, I had total confidence in Edgar Morin, who was interviewing me. I didn't have the impression of being misguided by the game leader, because at no time did I have the feeling of being asked indiscreet questions.
- (2) For me attaining the truth is not all that easy. It would have been necessary to dig around in the past. No doubt—my husband being a former deportee—it would have been interesting to learn the repercussions of deportation on the life of a couple, and in particular on the life of a young woman who was not prepared to confront existence. To dig into the past, it was not just recollecting the housing shortage—the first difficulty of all young people in our day—but remembering those long years in which Jacques, out of work, was on the edge of madness.
- (3) The image of me which this film gives strikes me as superficial. However, curiously enough, this film helped me to know myself. My excessive nervousness, almost unbearable, was laid bare, along with a certain grin which accompanies a pretty disagreeable voice. To be fair, on the subject of my voice, I was obliged to raise it to the maximum, upon the request of the soundman, which was no doubt some disadvantage for me.
- (4) The other scenes filmed in our house were uninteresting because they did not reflect our way of life.
- (5) When I defended Marilou, I had only seen one sequence of the film. It is certain that my judgment would have been more colored had I seen the entire film.

- (6) My two quite different attitudes, at the office and at home: at the office, where I am really myself, relaxed, gay, very much at ease in my work; at the house, curiously different, feeling almost guilty for having lived a life with no great history until the moment of my marriage, almost guilty for not having a tragic past, in the face of my husband and the majority of his friends, who are almost all former deportees or resisters.
- (7) I did not know any of the participants in the film. However, the image it gives of them seems very real to me. Marceline, in particular, even though she claims that she is acting in the scene where she walks alone in Paris. It doesn't matter whether she is acting at that precise moment; we are sure that she has repeated those words to herself so many times that the images she evokes are a part of herself.
- (8) The film changed nothing in my way of living and thinking.
- (9) I have no regret. I was happy at the time of the filming because the ambience was so friendly.
- (10) I wonder if each viewer felt the same feeling I did when I saw the film the other evening at the "Agriculteurs." None of the characters in the film (except probably the artist-painter couple) found an equilibrium during this period, which was troubled in every way (memories of the last war, the war in Algeria, the events in the Congo). Each person feels more or less responsible. Racism is profoundly foreign to all of the participants of the film who were questioned about it, and that is very comforting. I do regret not having participated in the Saint Tropez rendezvous, specifically in the dialogue around the table.
In other respects (again, not counting the artist-painter couple and, I must say, me) no one likes his work, each one does it like forced labor. All of them claim to submit to it completely . . . since they've got to live.
- (11) I can't add anything to answer this question.



Angélo

Angélo

First of all, to give an account of the film and of my behavior, I need to recapitulate the basics.

I was a worker at Renault, as a machinist, spending lots of time on the problems of the worker and of management exploitation. One day a workmate, Jacques, who had a number of outside contacts, particularly in the literary world, came to see me saying he was in touch with some people who would like to make a film about the life and the world of workers, where we would be able to express our way of thinking.

We had had this idea much earlier, but had never been able to realize it, for the sole reason that we did not have the necessary money for such an enterprise.

So we made an appointment for one weekday when I was to meet Edgar Morin and Jean Rouch. We went to the home of Marceline, an actress in *Chronique*, and there I was surprised: cameras and spotlights were trained on us. Then we sat down at a table that was covered with things which would have cost us a month's salary to provide.

Then some guys waved some gadgets around our faces and in back of our heads; I think these gadgets were for checking the intensity of the lighting. I felt like I had become another man, a sort of "Robespierre of the Machines," the rare beast that is shown to the public. I don't mean that I was forced, but it seemed like another world; it was something quite new to me.

The first question we were asked: If you had a film to make, what subject would you choose?

One of us replied: Me, I'd like to do a film on the lives of workers, and, in particular, to denounce the methods of management and the so-called defenders of the proletariat: the unions.

Then we discussed problems of the shop. We were not really in form after our day's work, and we were very impressed by this cinematographic domain, which we knew nothing about. Then we said good night, and I was convinced that one day the public would be shown what work in the twentieth century is like.

A few days later, Marceline came to my house with a tape recorder, to interview me on my "private life." "Do you love your fiancée?" "Do you sleep with her?" "Have you ever cheated on her?" These are the beginnings of the mirror-film. What was the connection with the worker problem? These questions left me perplexed.

Then there was the problem of vacation. Theoretically they were supposed to come film a day in my life, the life of a worker on vacation. And yet only a segment on Saint Tropez was filmed. Saint Tropez, a snobbish city par excellence, too pretentious for a worker. Once again, what was the connection with the basis of the film?

After vacation, Morin wrote to me to say that they were back in Paris, working on the film.

First of all, there was the Renault period, filmed at the company, then to my house, and the scene in my home. This sequence, I think, shows a bit of the worker's life. Then there was the contact with the students, where I met the greater part of the actors in the film.

For me personally, the scene with Landry and me on the Renault problem was very dissatisfying, in the sense that there was a bad reaction among the workers at Renault. What I meant to say was not really that the guys are poor slobs, but that this sort of evolution forces them to the point where they want to possess that excess of material things. For example, it is known that before the war about 40 percent of the people had their own cars. Whereas in the modern world, 80 percent of the people have a car, of which 40 percent is the real bourgeoisie and 40 percent is the proletariat. In the 40 percent of the proletariat there are 20 percent who are really able to have their car and the other 20 percent are obliged to make concessions.

In addition, I would add that Renault is a special factory, it's a factory of guarantees, a so-called serious factory. You know that a Renault worker can buy things outside, with all those guarantees. All he has to do is show his company card for all credit doors to be opened to him. And then we remember the sixty-day layoff, which was in fact nothing more than a filtration of the proletariat bourgeoisie. That's what I meant to say on television about the worker problem.

If someone were to ask me today, "If you could make a film, what subject would you choose?", I would take the subject proposed by a friend, with the difference that I would try to see to it that we were the ones who took charge of the operation, and not the

sociologists. I would try to make a film for the workers and not for the intellectuals.

I think it would take too long to explain how I would go about it, but I could always give concrete guidelines. For example, put tape recorders around among the shop mates, record the most important problems, like strikes, discussions between delegates and workers, and the management's rebuffs.

This film changed nothing in my way of looking at things. I am not any happier than I was before. I think I never will be, because evolution creates division.



Marceline at Saint Tropez

Marceline

I lived the period of shooting *Chronique d'un été* as though it was both an adventure and a slightly crazy experience—but without ever forgetting that it was also a cinematographic experiment.

I thus gave myself over to this experiment which interested me for its slightly mad side, without knowing in the beginning where all this might lead and where I myself might end up. Being part of the technical crew from the start, I must say that a wonderful climate of camaraderie and friendship sprang up very quickly.

Not a fictional film, *Chronique d'un été* is called "cinéma-vérité." Yet nonetheless, you have to start with the principle that it is first and foremost a cinematographic work.

There is no question here of raising the quarrel over "cinéma-vérité," even though this was the source of much confusion and interminable polemic, nor of judging the value or the ideology of the film by posing the problem of possible methods of approach, of interviewing, etc. Given that I participated in this film, it would never occur to me to judge it in this fashion.

What is unquestionable, whether or not it succeeded, is the new tone; it's the fact that this film opens up directions for research which cannot be neglected in the domain of filmed investigations, for example: Mario Ruspoli's *Les inconnus de la terre*, prizewinner at the last Tours festival, or even another possible method for actors to try (of the Godard type, for example).

In any case, in a certain way this film will draw a following; it's an interesting experiment, even if you don't think the authors have gotten the essence out of the twenty-two hours which were filmed.

I am thinking of one scene in particular, of Jean-Pierre and me, which we filmed in Saint Tropez (it is going to be reedited into the distribution version) with all the desired distance (I admit to having had Antonionian reminiscences while we were filming). I must say that the choice of passages from this sequence, which lasts almost half an hour, is outside the context of the filming. Jean-Pierre appears as a hard, cynical person and I seem like the "poor little victim," whereas the whole sequence is quite different, where I am far from being a saint.

Overall, the present editing choice does not seem the best to me. They'll say they wanted to even out the sad, happy, nice, tragic parts. In any case, what's sure is that they did not always use the best things.

Coming back to me more specifically, I feel that I was freer than the other actors, and, as far as I'm concerned, Edgar Morin has very little to do with it. After being intimidated the first time I was filmed, I controlled myself, completely dominating my personality, dramatizing with words, with my face, my tone, with gestures. Being particularly aware that the camera was there, that the technicians, the lights were

there . . . , etc., there was a certain directing of me by me, since there was no other direction of the actors. I thought that was the only way to act other than discourse, because the cinema is not a lecture, and I was doing a film.

During the filming of the sequence on deportation, I acted without being involved, having gotten control of the character. There too I had cinematographic fantasies, certain lines from *Hiroshima mon amour* came to me and I pushed them away. And if the technicians cried upon listening to the sound track, I didn't, and I recall asking Edgar several times, "Is this okay? Shall I go on like this?"

Is this quackery, playacting on my part, lies, because I was acting? Do I say this after the fact because I want to become, as we suggested, an actress? Is it also a reaction of self-defense?

I put myself in the situation, I dramatized myself, I chose a character which I then interpreted within the limits of the film, a character who is both an aspect of the reality of Marceline and also a dramatized character created by Marceline. So, too, the couple Jean-Pierre/Marceline is an aspect of the reality of the couple Jean-Pierre/Marceline, a mixture of reality. Let's also say it's a character among all the facets of characters which each one of us carries within.

Is this falsification? In the name of cinéma-vérité, perhaps, but isn't cinéma-vérité in its simplistic interpretation a myth?

My truth is not in this film even if the memories of deportation I evoked are real. In fact this is where all the ambiguity of cinéma-vérité lies. Even if I thought about this scene long before filming it, and it was just a matter of finding the "tone" for me, my truth is there in this sequence, because what I say is what I really lived.

The problem of the truth of beings is much more complex, ambiguous, diffuse, uncapturable.

The same thing holds for Jean-Pierre, whose character has nothing to do with what he really is, nor even with his real preoccupations. He is interpreting a character, it's something else, it's not him.

The viewer may believe, after seeing the film, that we have separated, which is false, and I must add that neither the film, nor what we said to each other in the film has entered our private life at any level. We both have preoccupations which were not touched upon in this film, and which we don't need to touch upon.

There is not especially, to answer the questionnaire directly, any truth about me lingering around somewhere which I would have liked to express in the film. The film is what it is. In some other context it is possible that I would have played some other character of Marceline. In fact, Edgar Morin said about me in an interview, "that I first chose a light and free-thinking character for myself, and then later changed the register." That is entirely correct.

I don't really feel involved or wrapped up in this film, so that at the level of truth I didn't really learn anything about myself. I feel very distant from the character in the film, and even though that all may seem true, it is nonetheless not my reality. However, I don't think that this is important. The viewers may feel involved with one or another of the characters or find symbols, myths, and other things. At this level it's another problem. For the viewer, whether or not I am Marceline is not important, what's important is that Marceline or some other character provides something which touches him, which involves him. What is true is that through this film I met people who interested me and also perhaps found a career. It may also have been useful to me in that it may have helped to change my professional orientation.

Can one be happy in a country where police terror, torture, racism, and arbitrariness reign? I am all too familiar with racism, having suffered it myself, and I know that there is no basic difference in the way that Algerians are treated in France compared with my Jewish situation during the war, except maybe a difference in degree which lies in the absence of crematoria, that's all. At that time the French people, the German people remained silent, not interfering except for a handful of people. Today as well, France remains silent except for a handful of people.



Jean-Pierre at Saint Tropez

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University of Illinois at Chicago (ex officio)

Information for Authors

Style. Issues of the current volume should be consulted, along with *A Manual of Style* published by the University of Chicago Press. We encourage the use of major subheadings and, where appropriate, second-level subheadings.

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Editors:

Larry Gross
The Annenberg School of
Communications
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, PA 19104

Jay Ruby
Department of
Anthropology
Temple University
Philadelphia, PA 19122

